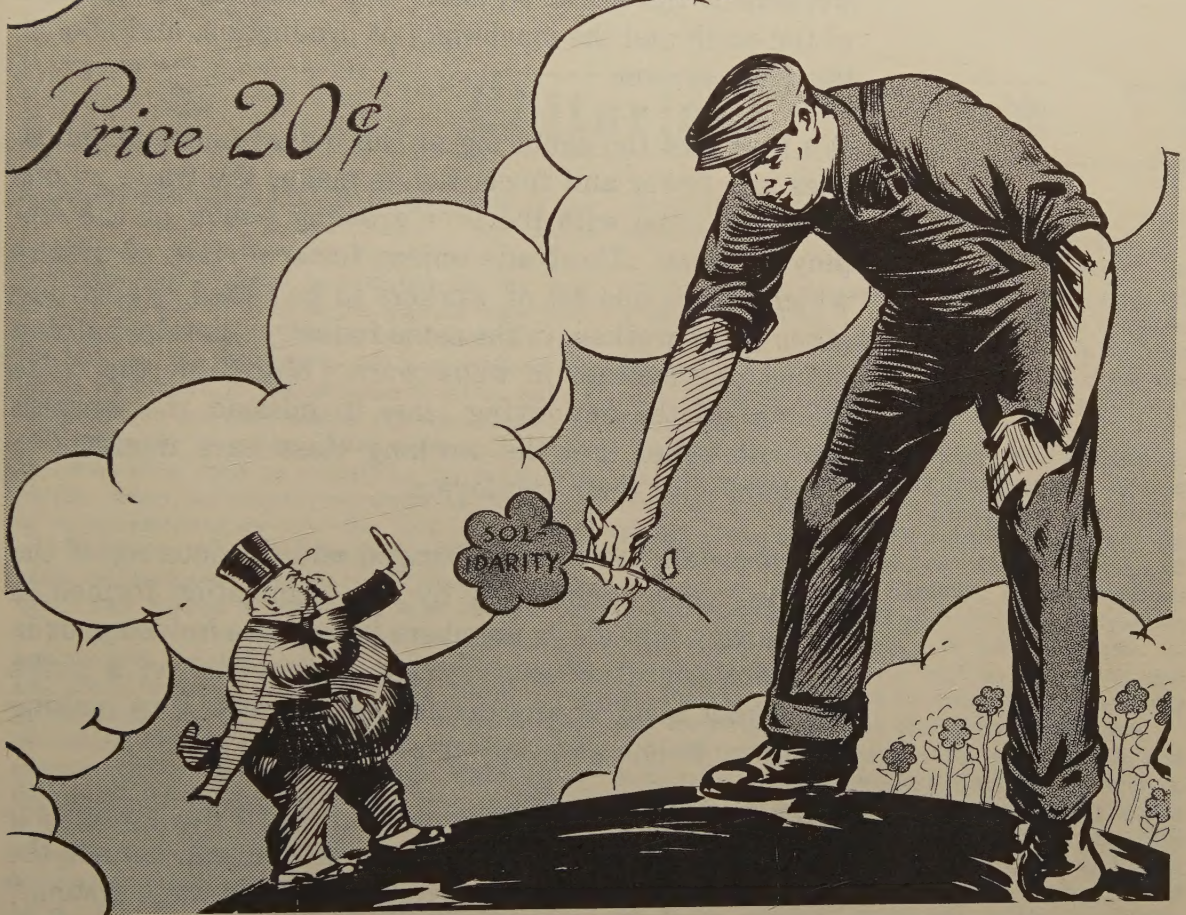


The
**Industrial
Pioneer**

April 1925

An Illustrated Labor Magazine

Price 20¢



United States Steel

Is America a Nation of Crooks? A Startling Story of Our Crime Situation

Passing of a Building Trades Boss

Revolutionary
Poetry

Was Morgan Wrong?

Working Class
Fiction

Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

THE INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

Edited by JOHN A. GAHAN

Published Monthly by The General Executive Board of The Industrial Workers of the World,
1001 W. Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

Subscription Rates: \$2.00 a year; Canada, \$2.25; other countries, \$2.50.

Bundle Rates: 10 copies for \$1.20; 20 for \$2.40; 100 for \$12.00—non-returnable. 15 cents per copy—returnable. Single copy, 20 cents. Sample copy on request.

It should be understood by members and others who read this magazine, that it is the policy of the IWW to designate as OFFICIAL, any articles or policies which have the regular official sanction. ANYTHING NOT SO DESIGNATED, IS NOT OFFICIAL. All other matter herein contained is the mere personal expression of the individuals or individual, writing or editing the same.

Entered as second-class matter April 23, 1923, at the post office at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Vol. II. No. 12.

APRIL, 1925

Whole No. 24.



Editorials



AGGRESSIVENESS.—The labor movement is one in which stagnation invites disaster. We cannot long remain inactive without experiencing the legal and extralegal violence perpetrated on our class because its apathy inspires the masters with courage. Labor history is replete with evidences that will support this contention. A most striking example was shown in the countless raids on radical halls, and on meetings during the war mania and even after the November, 1918 armistice. It was an exhilarating sport to go gunning for radicals in perfect safety, additionally rewarded by the badge of noble patriotic service. But this open season was suddenly closed at Centralia, Wash., where union workingmen defended their lives and their union hall against a uniformed mob serving the machinations of the murderous lumber trust. That was the high water mark for the American Legion and other "sports". That ended the bloody raids by mobs against militant workers. And that is why the whole working class, regardless of affiliations, owe the Centralia group now in Walla Walla prison their solidarity and eternal loyalty. How to show it is discussed later.

Decline in union membership signifies a growing retreat born of unemployment, and intensified by it. While this situation prevails the boss class has been heartened to push us a little lower than we were. Index figures of wages and commodity costs will show a decided reduction in the workers' standard of living. In the textile industry the absence of concerted organization drives has been rewarded by a ten per cent wage cut. The unorganized steel workers at Youngstown, Ohio, were cut in wages 2½ per cent, an opening wedge for more drastic reductions. In New York, iron workers

struck against a wage reduction. These are instances of what is happening on the industrial field.

The political reflexion is not less striking. In California the Supreme Court recently rendered a decision making I. W. W. membership a crime, by sustaining the verdict of a trial court in the case against twenty-eight members. In Washington the State Supreme Court ruled that picketing theatres is illegal.

But the most violent of these labor-hating acts was the passing of a bill in Idaho making slowing down on the job a major crime, sabotage, if you please. Governor Moore signed this vicious law. On the interpretation of the law depends whether all workers in Idaho are criminals, because workers everywhere naturally, as members of an exploited, subject class, go slow on some jobs sometimes. It is a legal whip. All they have to do now is give the superintendents and foremen the real rawhides and the picture of Idaho civilization is complete.

Workers can gain nothing by standing still, and it is savagely apparent that they lose by inertia. The best defense in war is to attack. The best defense in class warfare is also to attack. Go forward! Organize the working class, and with economic direct action put your class where it should be, at the command of its own destinies, and the bosses where they belong, in overalls.

BORING THROUGH.—Memory need not be greatly taxed to recall the strenuous missionarying of Comrade Foster and his colleagues for the good of our working class souls, and their pocketbooks. We were solemnly advised to disperse because the I. W. W. had all the red blood, and the craft unions

(Continued on Page 46)



TRUTH PULLS ASIDE THE CURTAIN OF LIES AND REVEALS THE MONSTER

United States Steel

By JOHN A. GAHAN

SAY steel to me and I do not think of what it has done for social progress, of its gifts to civilization. I think of battles. War. War where cold steel rips flesh, and white-hot fragments of bursting shells strike down the living, defile the murdered dead. War sending human heads bouncing on shell-scarred hills and plains. Booted bodiless legs hanging in the blood-red sun of dawn on splintered trees. Mass graves plowed, re-plowed, churned by whining steel. Such is one side of the mental picture. On the other, what? More battles in the prodigious industry that has sprung to towering stature like a ruthless, restless giant.

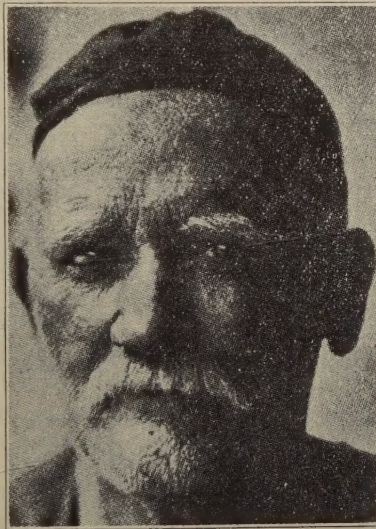
Steel and battles are synonyms to me. That may be inconsequential, impressionistic, vague, imaginative. But it is of the utmost consequence that for all the millions of robots who have, through successive generations, given their labor, their pain and blood; whose hopes have withered and despair been born out of a grimy, sweated, endless slavery in poverty's cesspool—I say it is of the greatest importance that they, too, have felt and do feel their toil and conflict as interchangeable terms, a oneness of class warfare not separable.

We do not suppose that this was the prevision of the inventors, Kelly and Bessemer, one in Kentucky, the other in Britain, who, independently, discovered the affinity of carbon and oxygen, thereby making heat units cheap and the development of the steel industry to gigantic proportions inevitable. They were pioneers and small capitalists, their business was not to estimate social effects, not to foresee the appalling total of misery that has been and still is the fate of steel workers. Destiny commanded that the world complete its industrial revolution and that a well-nigh omnipotent autocracy seize empire. It was not for the inventors to calculate or compass the vast arena of embattled steel slaves periodically flinging their lives and protests against the armed forces of the masters of steel. Their business was to profit by their discovery. Kelly was less shrewd than Bessemer, and the process of making steel is named after the latter, while for a long time in the early days this country imported steel from England, wrongly thinking the Kelly-made product inferior.

Andrew Carnegie

Along with this early steel from Britain was im-

ported a Scotch lad whose history was fated profoundly to influence the steel industry. Andrew Carnegie was a messenger boy who picked up the trade of telegraphy. By a happy stroke of audacity, which duplicated now would land the doer in jail,—dispatching independent orders—he won the patronage of Thomas A. Scott, general superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Scott made Carnegie his secretary. Those were the happy days of oil and railroad rebates, prefiguring the railroad melons and Teapot Domes of our own enlightened day. Andy made his first money in oil speculation. "He gave his note for a block of stock in one of the smaller Pennsylvania oil companies and then paid the note out of dividends received on the stock within a single year." His superior, Scott, was an insider, tipping Carnegie off on the best stocks to buy. The young man had no intention to let his race count for nothing, hoarding what he could, and planning to rise from a subordinate position to one of command.



A GRAY-HAIRED EXCEPTION.
Speed Gets 'Em Now While They're Young

Essentially Parasitic

It has been said of him that he was a gambler in early experiments with steel production by the Bessemer process, but, like so many of his parasitic sort, he waited until others had beaten the trail, paved the way and found the goal. It was a sure thing when Andy made his first investment in the Iron City Forge Company, in 1864, securing one-sixth of the capital stock for \$8,920. Scott and others were helping him, realizing his peculiar abilities, which when analyzed mean nothing more than the wits excessively and heartlessly to rob workers. Carnegie was **their** investment. With this favoritism he was able to form the Keystone Bridge Company. His profits from this enterprise paid for his stock in four years. The Pennsyl-

vania Railroad was giving him rates by which he beat smaller competitors. This canny Scot was on the way to power.

Then he met Henry C. Frick, a young man who made a flying start in the coke manufacturing business in Western Pennsylvania. Coke with iron ore and limestone are the three great constituents in steel manufacture. It wasn't long until Carnegie organized the firm of Carnegie, McCandless and Company. On top of this achievement he raised \$700,000 to build the Edgar Thomson Works, near Pittsburgh. It should be noted that this plant was named after the Pennsylvania Railroad president at that time. Like Pharaohs and emperors, these industrial captains wanted their vainglory satisfied. Towns and factories were named after them. This was part of the game of good business—a sycophantic practice that still endures.

Acquisition of iron ore beds speedily followed. The ore was in the Lake Superior district. To bring it from that point involved transportation difficulties, and the steel masters established steamship and railroad lines. Rockefeller owned the great Mesaba Range ore fields at first, but Carnegie and his associates convinced John D. that it was a poor investment and he, more interested in oil, sold out at a moderate figure. Very soon the property was worth tens of millions to its new owners. The stroke made possible a reduction in ore prices which crushed weaker competitors. Carnegie's crowd quickly jumped in as bankruptcy stared these latter in the face and bought them out—cheap.

Small Business Passes

The 'Eighties and 'Nineties saw a lot of this destruction of small business. Combination was the order of the era. Several examples of this are interesting. Interesting, too, appears the new plan of concentration. The American Sugar Refining Company and the American Tobacco Company were the models for others to emulate. "Instead of placing the control of acquired plants in the hands of 'trustees,' holding companies were formed, which acquired all or a majority of stocks in certain competing plants under one control, often by exchanging the stock of the holding company for the stock of the plant."

In the eight years from 1890-98 the combination of tobacco manufacturers in the American Tobacco Company increased its "capital" five times over, or in money from twenty-five to one hundred and twenty-five millions. Other combines were the Amalgamated Copper Company; the American Smelting & Refining Company, with a hundred millions and 100 plants; the fifty-million-dollar American Woolen Company, taking in a large number of New England mills; the American Car and Foundry Company; the American Hide and Leather Company, consolidating over twenty large manufacturers; and the International Paper Company, capitalized at fifty millions.

That so basic a manufacture as steel could remain outside this development is unthinkable. Yet, while the Federal Steel Company was incorporated in '98



ECONOMIC REASONS FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CALUMET REGION

Black Areas—Heavy Coal Deposits; Cross-Patch Areas—Light Coal Deposits; Dotted Areas—Iron Ore

as a holding company to acquire stock for the Illinois Steel Company, and other steel centralization progressed, Carnegie was inclined to put too much faith in his own individuality. He was one of the old-timers, and friction concerning combination into a more powerful and interlocked managerial directorate appeared. His partners, Frick and Phipps, chiefly the former, broke friendship with him on this score. Frick was always more far-seeing. He knew that independent companies, or even minority groups, were becoming obsolete in the new industrial alignment.

The Fight for Control

The prime mover for absolute unity and control was the late J. Pierpont Morgan. This banker met Judge Elbert H. Gary, a corporation lawyer, and was convinced that Gary was the man to be made president of the monopoly yet on paper. Steel mills were being bought up, and the Elgin, Joliet and Eastern Railway was taken over. It operates in the Chicago-Gary district.

While Carnegie was holding out of the new Morgan combine, a ninety-million-dollar company was ushered on the scene by the John W. Gates crowd, combining many western plants, making barbed wire, nails and wire fencing, into the American Steel and Wire Company. Carnegie wanted to retire, but Frick did not. He was progressive.

"To his mind the days of one-man power were over; great enterprise in the future would be dominated and controlled by diverse interests; and even complete industries, if they hoped to live, would of necessity become allied with others. He believed that combination must take the place of competition."

Though Andy wanted to get out of a business he could not dominate, he angled with characteristic

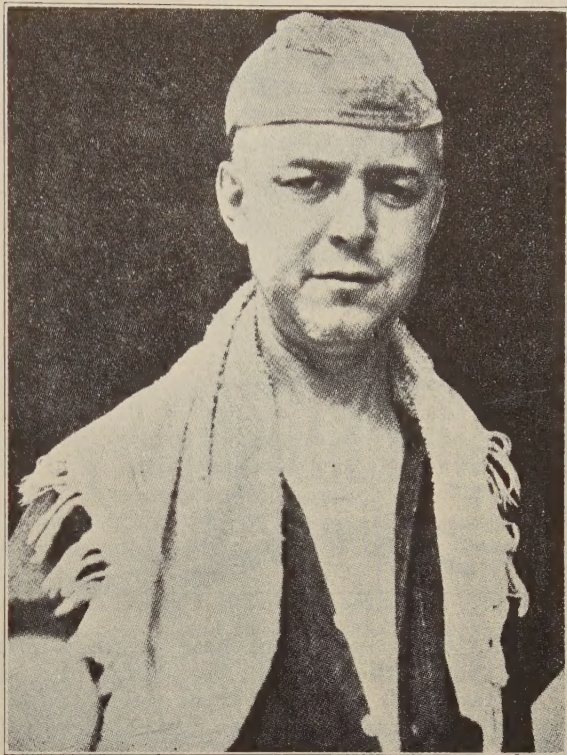
cunning for his own price. William H. Moore, a Chicago capitalist of great organizing ability, was empowered to post a million dollar ninety-day option on Carnegie's share in the company bearing his name. The price was set at \$157,950,000. A temporary panic prevented Moore's group from being able to raise the balance. Carnegie said nothing, did not extend the option a single day, and he was ahead of the game one easy million. But the Scotchman thought better of his holdings by the time a second offer was made, and he raised the price to 250 millions.

In 1897 he appointed Charles Schwab president of the Carnegie Steel Company. Schwab had made good as his secretary, manager and all-around slave driver. In addition to these virtues he was a forceful speaker. Carnegie still wanted to get out, but he wanted his price. To frighten his numerous rivals into making an effort to come to terms, he said he would fight all of them on their own ground. Accordingly, he prepared to enter the tube business against Morgan's National Tube Company, actually securing 5,000 acres at Conneaut on Lake Erie and letting contracts for building a 12-million-dollar tube plant.

Opposing Gates and his American Steel and Wire outfit he made ready in Pittsburgh to erect a large rod mill. Rockefeller had an ore fleet on the Great Lakes and Carnegie ordered a rival one to carry ore to his mills. He announced that he would have an ore-carrying railroad constructed between Lake Erie and the Pittsburgh mills. The old fellow even put surveyors at work to plan a railroad route between the mills and the Atlantic to fight the Pennsylvania Railroad. His profits in 1900 had been \$40,000,000. His mills were producing one-fourth of all Bessemer steel in the country and half of the structural steel and armor plate. He was out of debt, had lower productive costs, thanks to vicious repression of his workers and the ability to grasp new inventions and methods.

World's Largest Sale

Then Schwab was sent to persuade Morgan. They say he talked for eight hours. At last the banker-industrialist agreed to buy Carnegie out. But slaves produce wealth very fast, and by this time the price



HOT MILL WORKER TAKING A BREATHING SPELL

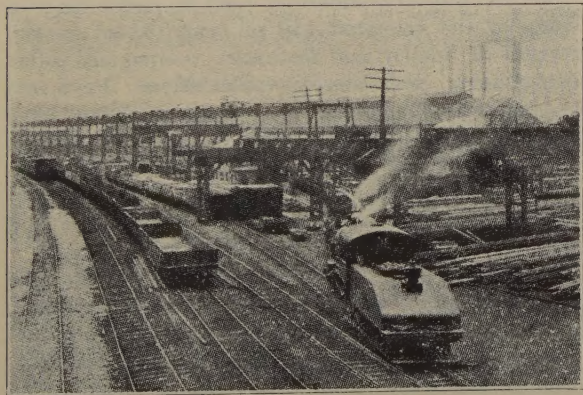
had jumped enormously. Carnegie and his associates received over \$447,000,000 in stocks and bonds. It was the greatest sale in the world's history.

Carnegie satisfied, he dropped the projects just outlined and things looked all right for Morgan. All right until he found that Gates and the other industrialists of Federal Steel except Gary did not want to let Carnegie "sandbag" them, so they raised their price on the sale and J. Pierpont was up against it to finance the monopoly purchase. He called into conference George W. Perkins, E. H. Gary, Marshall Field, Norman B. Ream, H. C. Frick and H. H. Rogers. The conference agreed that the Gates and Moore interests must be brought in, and that Standard Oil was the greatest menace owing to its ore deposits and ore fleet on the Lakes. At length Gates and Moore "came in," and Frick was commissioned to have a little talk with John D. Frick was a believer, as has been said before, in the community of interests idea. Other champions of this credo were Cassatt of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Harri-man of the Northern Pacific and Hill of the Great Northern.

Rockefeller heard Frick well and agreeably, selling for eighty millions in stock, and eight and one-half millions in cash for the ore-carrying steamers.

In this manner the United States Steel Corporation was organized in 1901 with a capitalization of \$1,100,000,000, and a bonded debt of more than \$300,000,000. The two greatest banking groups in

(Continued on Page 41)



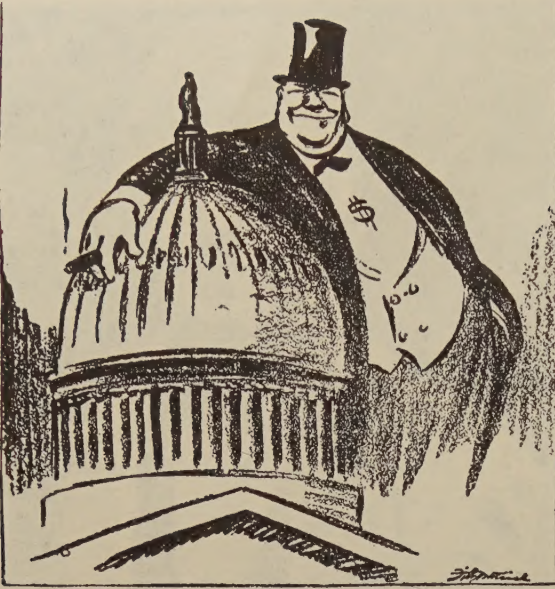
RAILROADING INSIDE THE PLANT

The Crime Situation In the U. S. A.

By HUBERT LANGEROCK



Is America a Nation of Crooks?



THOSE of us whose hair is beginning to turn gray have a distinct recollection that in their youth, the shouts of a newsboy peddling an extra with a crime spattered all over the front page, made people stop and take notice. Today, this is no longer the case. We are getting used to crime. It is becoming frequent enough to be rated commonplace. About ten thousand people were murdered in the United States during 1924.

This constitutes one more record in favor of this country. Verily, we have got the world beaten. Dr. Frederick Hoffman figures out that ten thousand murders means a rate of over 100 per million as against 4 per million for England and Wales. There are more hold-ups in Los Angeles in one month than in the whole of France in the course of one year.

The Law Enforcement Committee of the American Bar Association reports that our criminal population during 1910 to 1920 increased 10 per cent faster than the general population. The prison population of England has decreased steadily since 1876. During 1921, in England and Wales, there were 63 murders. In the United States with three times that population, there were far more than one hundred times as many murders. In France, during 1919, there were 121 burglaries. In Louisville, Ky., there were 241, and in Chicago 1,862. France has forty million people.

Cost of Crime in Dollars

If the life of the citizen alone were at stake, the master class would not pay much attention to this situation. It is quite well aware of the fact that it is the master class and that, as such, it is getting from the agencies of law and order more than an even share of protection. Mr. Morgan's secretary every evening notifies police headquarters of the movements of his boss for the following day and a special detail sees to it that the gentleman's motorcar will always find open traffic ahead; but what cop ever bothers whether John Smith who works uptown, on the graveyard shift, gets held up when he slinks back to his wife and kids on the lower East Side during the wee small hours?

But there is the element of cost to reckon with.

Crime is one of our leading industries. Its yearly output is, in round figures, \$10,000,000,000. Crime, not railroads, movies or automobiles, ranks second to agriculture in the industrial hierarchy of capitalist America.

First, there is the direct cost. Forgeries netted \$100,000,000 in 1924. The annual loss through embezzlement by trusted employes has increased five times since 1910 and is still increasing. E. A. St. John, president of the National Security Company, estimates the country's present loss, on that score, at one hundred to one hundred and a quarter million dollars a year.

In the Bankers' Monthly, Carl H. Getz made a study of the economic toll of crime based on the records of fidelity and insurance companies, police departments and business associations. Payments by insurance companies on burglary claims have increased tenfold in the last ten years. Payments on embezzlement insurance have increased sevenfold. Surety companies declare that burglars, bandits, thieves, forgers, bucket shop operators and con men mopped up \$3,000,000,000 last year.

If the bootlegger billions could be counted and if political graft could even be remotely estimated, to say nothing of the earning of professional arsonists, the total would certainly lead the gross earnings of any industry save farming or manufactur-

ing, considered as a whole.

William R. Joyce, chairman of the National Surety Company, estimates that burglars get \$225,000,000 annually; bandits \$50,000,000; common thieves \$150,000,000. He figures that embezzlers get away with \$125,000,000 per year. Fraudulent bankrupts and credit swindlers rake off \$100,000,000 a year. Merchants cash over one hundred million dollars' worth of bad checks per year, while forgers and raisers get them for twenty-five million dollars more. Stock and land frauds and confidence games are figured at two billion dollars per year while political graft is simply incalculable.

Criminality A Vast Industry

Such figures give crime a volume comparable to industry. Only organization makes such a volume possible. The business must carry heavy overhead expenses. Lawyers must be engaged, politicians and other officials bribed and subsidized. The criminals have headquarters and branches of more or less extent. Fences, moonshiners, confidence men, and other of these gentry pay rent. There must be capital invested in equipment, such as automobiles, firearms and various commodities and tools. Doing such a vast business, crime must necessarily have a tremendous organization.

In figuring the total cost we must add the indirect cost of prevention and punishment to the sums obtained by the criminals.

So we have to take account of the indirect cost of courts, police, judges, court officers, probation officers, parole and pardon commissions and so on. For the city of New York alone, this represents an annual expense of over forty million dollars.

For the whole of the United States, those indirect expenses are equivalent to a per capita tax of three dollars per year upon every man, woman and child.

Next comes the keep of eighty thousand convicts whose cost of maintenance rises, in certain instances, as high as three dollars per day, with only six of our penal institutions self-supporting.

A criminal is generally a waster. As a matter of self-defense, he usually destroys beyond the possibility of further use that part of his plunder which he cannot immediately or easily remove.

The haul of the burglars, robbers and swindlers of this country would pay for the cost of building a Panama Canal every year.

Who Pays The Costs?

Now the question arises, who pays for all this? The ultimate consumer? So it would seem, but what there is left of competition prevents many a capitalist from taking the cost of burglary out of his price to the consumer. Forgery, credit frauds, commercial bribery and confidence games are paid for by their immediate victims. Insurance against crime protects and is being taken out in increasing amounts, but the business men pay the premium and, although the latter is a general overhead ex-

pense, the trust magnates understand that, with all their control of prices, they would be able to keep for themselves a larger share of the surplus value squeezed from the workers if that particular item could be lowered, like their taxation, or entirely done away with through the efficiency of the repressive agencies of the state.

The purchasing power of the public must be assumed to be a more or less fixed quantity. If then, because of enormous stealing, the sellers of goods must add a fixed charge to the cost of every article sold, it stands to reason that the consumption will automatically decrease.

And right here is the spot where crime begins to hurt the master class.

Because of a crime wave, the National Bureau of Casualty and Surety underwriters has boosted the insurance rates in California's large cities. Rates for drug stores, amusement places, messengers and paymasters are doubled, churches will pay 60 per cent more and homes in Los Angeles County 50 per cent more.

At this juncture, the master class, hit in the pocket book, sits up and begins to take notice and commissions its hired specialists to try what it feels unable to do itself: ferret out the cause of the situation.

To this investigation I wish to bring an unsolicited contribution.

Not being a hundred per cent American, my outlook is international. I dare to go and look beyond the physical boundaries of the United States for facts that may throw some light upon our national problems.

So, I bring forward a statistically established fact, general all over Europe.

Crime Festers and Erupts In Capitalism

Given two districts, one overwhelmingly respectful of law, order, religion and the capitalistic state, the other class conscious and manifesting its class consciousness through economic, co-operative and political organization of the workers with all the tactical mistakes and flounderings of a downtrodden class attempting to improve its condition; crimes in general and crimes against private property in particular will decrease in the latter and increase in the former; in other words, crime will decrease in exactly the same measure that revolutionary sentiment based upon class consciousness becomes more firmly and intelligently established.

To generalize: crime may be either habitual, hereditary, congenital or instinctive on the one hand or purely accidental, the result of momentarily present conditions on the other hand. The first kind of criminal predominates in Europe, the second kind in the United States.

The European criminal is generally a product of heredity and wants, before anything else, medical care. The American criminal is more a product of American economic conditions perverted by an illogical reaction.

Confronted with our present day social system, the average American, instead of reacting as a member of a class, which is the logical way under present-day technical conditions of production, reacts as an individual, takes chances, tries to imitate and, to use his own phrase, "attempts to get away with it."

From this fundamental attitude spring, as from a fountain head, all the special characteristics of American criminality. The four most essential are:

Ultra-individualism.

Youthfulness of the average criminal.

Simulated crime.

Police co-operation.

Let us briefly consider these features of American crime.

Under changed economic conditions, American capitalism is using the respect of the unthinking crowd for all things traditional in order to bolster up its own status by using the institutions of the period of settlement and economic individualism as a means of social restraint to prevent society from adjusting itself in its laws and institutions to the changes made mandatory by the rule of the machine process as the leading mode of production.

This attitude, although insincere and hypocritical in its purpose and method, carries within itself its own penalties. Some of the victims of such a propaganda are liable to believe it sincerely and to act upon their convictions.

The spirit of acquisitiveness, the desire to possess, leads, in its intensified form, to a contempt of all social guarantees. The majority of the native-born are sons of pioneers who have inherited, under changed technical and economic conditions, the ruthless contempt of the rights and feelings of others which went with the scramble for wealth during the economic stage of settlement and individual competition.

One Murder Every Hour

Hence the contempt of human life inherent in American society, ten thousand murders a year, one each hour throughout the year and their number steadily increasing. Why should the majority of the American people be able to abhor crime when their church, press and movies are consistently and purposely glorifying the principle of individual competition even when it is sharpened by the use of all the inventions and devices of modern technology? Have we a right to wonder when those same people sitting as jurors are positively ingenious in thinking up excuses for one who takes another's life and if there has sprung up a doctrine which consider as insane every man who murders and claims to be insane or is able to pay enough to an expert to claim it for him?

As a nation, the American people condone crime because they have not reached a degree of social enlightenment where crime becomes anti-social. The situation is absolutely identical with that pointed out by the German psychologist who, commenting

upon the results of the last presidential election, wrote this cryptic sentence: "the majority of the electorate has absolved the oil thieves because that same majority is, as far as mentality goes, composed of potential oil thieves."

The second outstanding trait of American criminality is the comparatively young age of the criminals.

The statistics for the nation show that the vast majority of the defendants in criminal cases are under the age of 20.

Mr. St. John, the president of the U. S. Surety Company, states that the records of this company show that at least 75 per cent of all crimes committed through burglary and robbery are the work of youths under 25 years of age. Moreover the facts in this case indicate that the age of criminals of this class is steadily decreasing. A most significant feature, said Mr. St. John, in the alarming increase of crime in this country in the last ten years, is the fact that it has been in financial crimes and not in crimes of violence.

Juvenile probation officers throughout the country are unanimous in the statement that the offenses committed by children are much graver than they used to be ten years ago.

Why all this crime and, especially, why are so many juveniles entering this anti-social field of predatory endeavor?

Who Is To Be Blamed?

Many shallow thinkers blame the home and the parents.

They merely exhibit their lack of insight. The machine process, in taking industry out of the home to the factory, has destroyed the economic foundation of the family. Home discipline was, in the last analysis, and still is today in backward technical forms of production, such as family farming, not the result of an arbitrary moral discipline exercised by the head of the family but the logical outgrowth of the material necessities of home production.

When industry left the home, the home became merely a unit of consumption and no attempt to make the home and its training uphold a certain code of morality is possible if that moral code is in contradiction with the realities of economic life as it affects the members of the family individually and jointly. The fact that the church, acting on behalf of the master class, wishes the home to stand for a certain form of capitalistic morality will not make it so when that morality clashes with the economic interests of the family membership.

Parental parasitism is a secondary cause of juvenile crime. The parent who sends a child out into the street to peddle newspapers in order that it may help to make up the deficit of the family budget, deliberately exposes his offspring to surroundings where unsocial influences will work their nefarious influence with comparative facility. But even these circumstances do not explain the increase

(Continued on Page 37)

The Mate of the "Cis"

By "AUSSIE"

WHEN the Marine Transport Workers' Union was organized in Buenos Aires in May, 1919, the matter of controlling the port zone was the most important point upon which the eventual success or failure of the new union would depend. To obtain this control it was necessary to put an end to the reign of the shanghaiers, and to compel the captains of ships to get their men directly from the Union Hall. Nothing but force would be likely to do this as the captains—for financial reasons—were always hand in hand with the Czars of the port, Stockholm Charley, Bengtson, Big Pete and Stannius, the bloated Dane from the Cafe in Calle 25 de Mayo.

The first thing to do was to prevent the men from going around the ships on their own, or from accepting jobs from shipping masters, and the second was the solidarity of the Argentine longshoremen, "carreteros" and tug boatmen, who immediately declared "black" any skipper who tried to kick over the traces. One or two lessons were sufficient in the early days of the Union, and once the precedent became established it was followed as a matter of course. Of course, few of the skippers liked the arrangement, but when they found that there was no other way, they cursed and blew, but turned up at the Union Hall and took their men, as they were called by the secretary at 2 p. m. each day.

A paid delegate patrolled each dock and visited each ship. Every skipper knew within one hour after his ship was tied up that if he was lacking any men he must have his full crew signed on the articles on union conditions three days before the loading was completed. Every marine worker on his arrival was also told of the rules of the port, and that while he might prefer his own union—in England, Norway or the United States—to the Marine Transport Workers, yet he could only ship again through the Union.

In July, 1919 forty sailing ships arrived from

all corners of the earth within two or three weeks to load grain, linseed and other foodstuffs to hungry Europe. The Boca and Barracas were crowded with barques, full-rigged ships, barkentines, schooners and auxiliaries. A forest of masts, reminiscent of days long gone, lined the wharves from Dock One down to the turn of the Riachuelo—Finlanders, Yankees, Bluenosers, a couple of Spaniards, half a dozen long rusty limejuicers, but most of them of Norwegian registry—ships varying in capacity and age from the spotless cadet-training ship of the East Asiatic Company of Copenhagen, the lordly "Viking," to the seventy year old "Ellen," the oldest

deep-water sailer, all rusty and battered from the storms of four generations, but still classed in "Lloyds".

And from them flowed a reservoir of men to join the Union—and to reship and carry its message to the ports of Europe and North America.

And in this argosy—an argosy which has already scattered itself on ocean floors and in harbor hulks—came the "Cis". The "Cis" was squat and bluff, and the Germans had made many fortunes from her capacious hull, before they sold her in war days to the Norwegians. When she tied up, several of her men went ashore, and her white haired skipper and his peculiar mate

were told of rules and requirements. The skipper participated little in the affairs of his ship, leaving all the matters to his bull-headed "styrmand." The mate came from Christiansand and knowing—which is more than people do—that he **did** have peculiarities, he took good care to see that no Christiansand seamen should work on his ship. On the trip down from New York it appeared that an ordinary sailor from Christiansand got on board while the tugs were taking the "Cis" seawards. It was half an hour later before the mate discovered it—the ship was stopped, a boat was sent ashore with the youth from the mate's home town—who already had a month's wages in his jeans.



But try as he could, the mate's fame spread across the seven seas, and every Norse mate had his yarns to tell of the weird individual from Christiansand who drove the "Cis" through the scud and muck of the "Trades".

The "Cis" was loading fast and so Stavanger Charley the delegate visited the craft. "When are you coming to see about those men, mate?" he asked. "I don't think much about the Union, anyway, not this Buenos Aires Union. Maybe they'll give me someone from Christiansand!" was the answer of the mate.

"Well," says Charley, "we are always willing to be reasonable, if you are."

And so on the following day, the mate arrived at the Union Hall. But he was not alone. Behind him—like a tail behind a comet—came a procession of men, all of them members of the Union.

"Hello, secretary!", he shook hands, "I am the 'styrmand' of the 'Cis'. I want four A. Bs, three ordinaries, a sailmaker, a carpenter and a messboy."

"Fine," says the secretary. "We are just going to call the roll, and then you can see the men who are going with you."

"No, you don't have to call the roll," says the mate. "I have already got my men. They are here right now, all union men, and none of 'em from Christiansand."

The secretary said, "No, this Union doesn't work that way, mate." Then turning to the men who came in with the mate, "You men beat it, unless you want to be put on the boycott list. You know what the penalty is for hunting your own jobs and cheating your fellow unionists who have been ashore longer." Hanging their heads they went out of the hall.

The mate got red in the face. He was very angry. "I am going to take those men, and no one else." The secretary told him that things didn't work that way, that the man longest ashore was the man who had first option on the job.

The mate got more angry. "This is not a Union, and you can't bluff me. I'll show you who I am. You can't put any Christiansanders over on me."

And he hustled through the waiting crowd of seamen and as he got to the door, he turned around and raised his doubled fist, "And I'll see you in Hell before I'll take a man from this place".

"All right," shouted the secretary. "You'll see what you will see, mate."

Now the mate was angry, and when a mate like he was, got angry—well—he went to quench his thirst. He hied him into the Hamburger Bier Hall and shouted himself several beers with cross sections of "caña". And as he drank he became more indignant; he became red-hot. Soon the pent-up torrent broke loose and in good sea-language he began to call the Marine Transport Workers every name of a fornicated blue cow he could think of.

Soon a German port-worker came running to the Union Hall. He told how the mate of the "Cis"

was using blistering language about the Union and expressing doubt whether any of the members were born in the bonds of holy wedlock.

The hall was still full of marine workers. The secretary got up on a form. "Fellow workers, the mate of the 'Cis' is at the Hamburger Bier Hall blowing off his head and cursing the Union. Fall in, quick march!"

The mate—like a politician at a meeting—had already gathered a crowd of beach-combers, longshoremen, and was talking in Norwegian and English alternately with a stein in his hand, from the veranda of the Bier Hall, when the Union Army came down the street.

Like a flash, he divined that the army was looking for him. He dropped the stein and hurdled the railing into the street. And then despite the mixture inside him, he put his legs to work. Like a greyhound he made down Pedro Mendoza towards the old "Cis". Behind him came the prize runners of the M. T. W., who were shouting—with laughter on their faces—for his blood.

He beat them to the ship and scorning the gangplank he leaped over the side. In a few moments he was in the chain locker which he speedily barred on the inside. In the meantime, the "Cis" was swarming with members of the Union who were setting up blood-curdling howls what they would do to the mate.

As night fell they went home, but the mate refusing even the knocks of the second mate—the skipper was ashore—stayed all night with the anchor chains and the antagonistic mixtures in his commissary department.

And with the dawn, he crept out and slithered into his bunk. And as the sun rose, and the crew went about their tasks and the longshoremen gathered by for the day's work, he jumped hundreds of ships with thousands of wild raving savages chasing him, just missing him. On and on, sweating, struggling and panting, on, on—would he ever get away from them?—

"Hey! hey! styrmand! Get up! Wake up!" and then just as he jumped off the mainmast into the harbor below—he opened his eyes and there with the second mate—was standing Stavanger Charlie, the delegate, spruce and clean.

"Hello, styrmand, you look pretty sick this morning. Now how about that crew you were thinking of getting from us?"

"Tell the secretary to select the men himself and send 'em on board tomorrow morning. I don't feel like going anywhere today."

And in due course the "Cis" sailed, the mate was chummy with the delegate—and there wasn't even one "hombre" from Christiansand.

Leastways 'cept the mate himself.

And the Norwegian mates now have another story about the mate of the "Cis", with more or less variations and frills.

Stigmata

By MARY HOPE

HER black eyes were blood-shot and looked at the world with a calm weariness as though she had forgotten she was tired. Simplicity in its lowly but most beatific sense had sweetened the lines around the large mouth and given a delicacy to her black countenance which few perceived.

She jumbled her words mysteriously like pebbles in a dark closed bucket. Her toothless gums shone in broken pinkness against the brown color of her lips and it was difficult to understand her speech. She was the negress, Leda, bent over a pail of soapy water and her co-workers were an Irish cook and a waitress. The wind of her conversation always blew the same way, something of this breath, "If you love God with all your heart and soul, with all your strength and mind, then peace will enter your hearts . . . I save up my money to be a missionary down South, to bring Jesus to everyone . . . He is the Life and Strength . . ." And God seemed as obvious to her as the sky above her head or the greasy floor beneath her feet. She continued endlessly, weaving impending fantasies in her rich gestures, giving symptoms of an abandonment to the ecstasy of her faith and it was only a dirty floor to wash that eclipsed her anxious emotions.

The day passed with the usual onslaught of floors to scrub, a mountain of dishes to wash, the greasy scatterings of potato peelings and rubbish to efface from notice amid the clash of silver and the callous insistence of the watchful boss—a proteinaceous person easily identified with pork chops and mayonnaise. The Irish cook, no longer young, and over whose generous widths and growing years despairing mists were gathering to cloud the sun of her vitality, listened apathetically to the religious effusions of Leda, the negress. The gradual evaporation of the cook's strength which had once seemed so invincible and splendid was a miserable observation.

"Aye, Leda." The Irish cook's laughter was

pathetically condensed with weariness. "Some day, we'll come ridin' past in limousines with our noses up and horses no more as we are now."

What incongruous humor in her ridiculous verbiage, "We'll get a rich man who will put us in a glass-cage and throw snow balls at us!"

Snatching a singular hour of absence from the proprietor's watchful economy, Leda sat on a soap box restfully and began to soak her calloused feet in hot water.

"Sore?" She splashed the water expressively. "It's like bones breaking through my skin." Despite the incomprehensible shuffling of her words, Leda conveyed to us a momentous symbol of Christ's visitation upon her and showed us, graved in the soles of her queerish dark feet, two cruciforms like cross ruts in a worn and weary road. "You see God remembers me and gives me crosses to bear even upon my feet."

So the misery of each day passed with the pseudo-alleviation of Leda's Christianity and the Irish cook's humor and brightened only by that intangible warmth of human contact and understanding of which they were not aware, and which was in its highest sense a spirit of solidarity woven from the sweat-soaked threads of a common despair. . . .

In her gaunt gestures, the simple twist of her prayer-spun lips, the stark attachment of her Christly passion, Leda needed no earthly salve, for her economic wounds were haloed with God's blessing and kissed by the saints . . . And the Irish cook's vision of an old money bag and the artifices of her humor played their part on behalf of the boss.

. . . Yet strange as it may seem, both Leda and the Irish cook, one with the full vitality of the new-born protestant magnifying her indignation, the other one with outrage flaming her tired body, marched out of the restaurant in a genuine spirit of rebellion—and gave the waitress a story to write.



Was Morgan Wrong?



By VERN SMITH



CEREMONIAL DANCE OF IGORROTES

WHEN Lewis H. Morgan's book, *Ancient Society*, appeared in 1877, with its at that time startling theories of the evolution of material culture, and of the development of social, religious political and philosophical systems of mankind on the basis of the material advancement; and especially with its theories of the early group marriage and primitive family life which were so shocking to so many of the mid-Victorians, it was met with a storm of protest. Morgan himself answered his critics ably, but did not live to the end of the battle. The rising radical philosophers, scientists and historians took up the fight, and gradually won a world to grudging acknowledgment of Morgan's contribution.

The first words of Section I. of the Communist Manifesto of 1848 are: "The history of all hitherto existing society is the history of class struggles." To this, a later edition, edited by Engels, adds this note: "That is, all written history. In 1847, the pre-history of society, the social organization existing previous to recorded history, was all but unknown. Since then, Haxthausen discovered common ownership of land in Russia, Maurer proved it to be the social foundation from which all Teutonic races started in history, and by and by village communities were found to be, or to have been, the primitive form of society everywhere from India to Ireland. The inner organization of

this primitive communistic society was laid bare in its typical form, by Morgan's crowning discovery of the true nature of the gens and its relation to the tribe. With the dissolution of these primeval communities society begins to be differentiated into separate and finally antagonistic classes. I have attempted to retrace this process of dissolution in *The Origin of the Family, Private Property and the State*."

Engels' Debt to Morgan

Not only did Engels retrace this process, making of the first six chapters of the *Origin of the Family* a neat little summary of Morgan's work, with a certain amount of additional proof, but he wrote two new essays, the last two chapters of the book, on "The Gens Among Celts and Germans," and "The Rise of the State Among Germans," both in the same scientific vein of Morgan, but making a distinct addition to the material already on hand.

It would be absolutely impossible to tell of the vast number of Reds who found Morgan a handy club against conservative opponents, but we must mention Mary Marcy, Lida Parce, Ernest Untermann, Wm. Paul, August Bebel, Karl Liebknecht, and no one knows how many others, of all varieties and shades of revolutionary thought, there may be.

Paul La Fargue, the theoretician of the French Marxists, in his book, *The Evolution of Property*, frankly

Evolution respects no dying social classes, and capitalists dare not admit of an endless social evolution. They wish to keep things as they are. Change is fatal to them. Morgan's anthropological theories, squaring with Marxism, make no exceptions for bourgeois convenience in socio-industrial development. Hence, Morgan must be discredited by the class now controlling the universities. Boas, Lowie and Goldenweiser have stepped forward to destroy Morgan. We leave it to our readers to judge how far they can succeed if Marxians go after the trio with the powerful weapons employed here by Fellow Worker Smith. However, the anthropologists are invited to reply.—Editor.

draws on Morgan for most of the meat of his chapters on "Primitive Communism," and "Family or Consanguine Collectivism," making, indeed, lengthy quotations from **Ancient Society** and other books by the same author to prove his points.

Of course, after a time, others than those opposed to the present economic order were inclined to take cognizance of this hard thinking, unavoidable man from New York with the interpretations that were finally beginning to have a certain amount of the toleration that comes with familiarity, and we find that Professor Jenks (who is no Red) declares in his **History of Politics**, that **Ancient Society** will ultimately be recognized as one of the great scientific products of the nineteenth century. Prof. A. C. Haddon decided that "Morgan was undoubtedly the greatest sociologist of the past century." Naturally, this does not exhaust that list either.

So, we've all read Morgan, either at first or second hand. Let us, then, have another look at his world-famous system, in order to be fresh for the shock of a new criticism. I assure you, there is going to be a bitter ideological struggle, when the pluralistic anthropologists tear into him.

Outline of Morgan's Theory

In addition to Morgan's essential theory that the family, social, religious and cultural organizations of man correspond to the material evolution of the race, he claims, furthermore, that the material evolution is based on certain inventions, each of which produced a tremendous change in the way of making a living, and therefore in all these other things. For the sake of convenience in reference, he divides cultural progress into arbitrary stages, each of which is marked off from those above and below it by some invention of considerable importance, but which is also colored by various other inventions, and has a definite content of social, family, and other sorts of organization, and possesses a certain amount and kind of knowledge, philosophy or science. Following is an outline of the Morgan classification, mostly from pages 9 to 12 of **Ancient Society**:

1. Lower Status of Savagery: From the infancy of the human race to the commencement of the next period. Man living in a restricted habitat on fruits, nuts, etc., and probably using language.

2. Middle Status of Savagery: From the acquisition of a fish subsistence and a knowledge of the use of fire, with mankind spreading over most of the earth's surface. Includes Australians and part of the Polynesians.

3. Upper Status of Savagery: Commenced with the invention of the bow and arrow, and ended with the invention of the art of pottery. Includes Athapaskan tribes of Hudson's Bay country, Columbia River tribes, and some coast tribes of North and South America.

4. Lower Status of Barbarism: From the use of pottery to either the cultivation of maize and other plants with irrigation or the domestication of animals, other than the dog. Contains Indian tribes

east of the Missouri River, and such European peoples as practiced the art of pottery without using field agriculture, or herding.

5. Middle Status of Barbarism: From animals or irrigation to smelting of iron. Includes tribes using bronze, adobe brick, or stone architecture. Includes most ancient Egyptians, many peoples of Europe and Asia as shown by archaeology, and the Pueblo, Aztec, Inca, Maya, etc., of America.

6. Upper Status of Barbarism: From iron to writing. Contains none of the American Indians, but many peoples of Asia, and all of Europe at one time, for example: Greeks of Homeric epoch, Latins before founding of Rome, Germans of the time of Caesar, etc.

7. Status of Civilization: Everything since barbarism. With this classification of material progress went a change in the forms of society. For instance, all society below the middle status of barbarism was organized non-politically, that is, fundamentally non-territorially, on the basis of blood relationship. Once the clan and the gens became established, in the middle status of savagery, they form the material out of which tribes and later confederacies of tribes are formed. The clan or gens is a group of blood relatives tracing descent from a common ancestor, female in the case of the clan, and male in the case of the gens. The distinction between them is a later refinement—Morgan uses the words interchangeably, but recognizes the difference between what he calls the "female gens," and the male gens. Gentes, or clans, may be organized into phratries, which are subdivisions of tribes, or former gentes, now subdivided into smaller gentes.

These are essentially democratic governments. There is no private property in land. Private property in such things begins with the cultivation of the soil in field agriculture which makes possible profitable slavery, and sequestration of the profits.

The gens and clan organization grow out of the sexual class organization, of a type similar to that now possessed by the Australians (second period of savagery), who are in process of developing gentes and tribes from moieties.

Private Ownership of Wives

Since the early social organization of man depends on blood relationship, Morgan made a special study of this, and through an ingenious course of reasoning, discovered relics in the language of the tribes of the upper status of savagery and the lower status of barbarism. He deduced the fact that these



Some Prehistoric Artist Drew This Musk Ox on a Cave Wall

peoples, who lived in a pairing, semi-monogamous (Syndyasmian) family with easy divorce, had once had a form of group marriage. The gens acted as a restriction on marriage, even then, since it

was a general rule that none should marry inside their gens. But the terms of relationship showed that there had been, in the middle status of savagery, a family in which, when a person married one of a group of sisters and cousins, he found he had married all of them, and vice-versa, all his brothers and cousins were the husbands of his wife. This system Morgan found among tribes in Polynesia, and chose to call "Punaluan." But the Polynesians had another system of relationship terms, which showed that at one time, perhaps in the first status of savagery, they had considered to be married all men and women in each generation, including own brothers and sisters. It was Morgan's idea that the consanguine family might have been, but was not certainly preceded by a system of absolute promiscuity. He pointed to the gradual growth of restrictions, as cases of attempted strengthening of the race through a realization of the dangers of too close in-breeding, not a conscious invention, but just the survival of those tribes which for some more or less accidental reason began to practice the marriage class system and other restrictions.

Facts Confirm Materialistic Conception

The introduction of field agriculture or of pastoral life was, of course, the change that broke down the relatively happy time of democracy in government, tribal and not individual ownership of land, no exploitation of slaves, and no permanent, indissoluble marriage.

The fact that herds could be tended by slaves, and that the increase could be taken over, sequestered, and held by an individual, and that in field agriculture slaves could be worked in gangs, plowing and harvesting, and the product stored in the master's warehouse, made some men rich, and they proceeded to run things. Not only that, they wanted to give their riches to their children, and they wanted to be sure that these children were their very own, so they sequestered the women also, established private property in wives, and introduced the rigid, monogamous marriage, or the polygamous marriage with the harem in some form or another, and, of course, as a corollary, since this made women scarce, and chastity made some of them unapproachable, prostitution of the others came into existence on a larger and larger scale. Also class war developed, and empires, and the more primitive, nature religions gave way to elaborately ritualistic, pessimistic, and dualistic religions, suitable to hold in place a subject race, and comfort a still human class of exploiters.

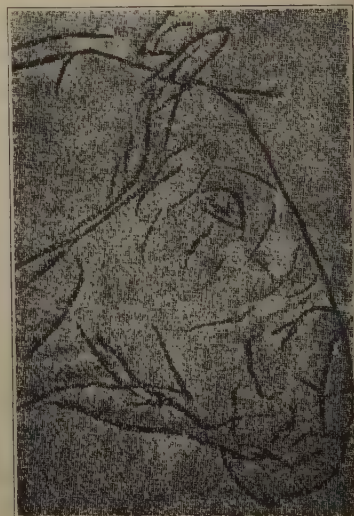
If all this is true, its usefulness in the defense of the materialistic conception of history is obvious. Those of us who wish to use these facts as proof of our argument that history shows capitalism did not always exist, and therefore, presumably is not a permanent human trait like eyes or teeth or children, and will not always exist like these latter, naturally do not wish to see the evolutionary theory smashed. Therefore, in considering its trustworthiness and present tenability, we should watch out, and remember that we are biased.

Now bias, or predilection in favor of any definite idea, works this way, especially where the emotions are concerned, or the material interests of the observer: It is simply a psychological law, undeniable, and so far as we know, unchallenged, that when our jobs, or our reputation, or anything else that we want depends on our gathering proof for a given doctrine, we see more readily, and remember better those things which support that doctrine. We easily invent excuses for overlooking those things which do not support it. A very obvious fact implying the contrary of what we wish breaks through and convinces us we are wrong, but with some people it takes a startlingly apparent fact indeed, and then sometimes they are not able to appreciate it in all its significance, even while admitting its presence.

But the sensible person, realizing that he is biased, can correct for this. I trust we shall be able to do so throughout this article. I am sure that some of Morgan's critics are equally biased, against him, and that, being unconscious of this fact, they are led into error.

Let us make it perfectly clear right here, that we do not believe that the materialistic conception of history rests on the judgment of anthropology. The quotation from Marx and Engels above shows that they were convinced of the accuracy of economic determinism (to use a somewhat too strict expression) before Morgan's time. When *Ancient Society* appeared on the scene, it provided a wealth of argument based on pre-history which was wonderfully fitted, almost as though by design of someone, to support the conclusions of Marx and Engels based on written history. And, of course, we have all used these arguments as a weapon against capitalism. Now, however, when we have a reason to begin to suspect this weapon of unreliability, we shall be quite able to examine it dispassionately, in fact, very critically, for we know that a broken sabre or a gun that will not shoot is more dangerous to us than to the foe, and we shall promptly exchange it for another.

We have no interest, as revolutionists, in Morgan's theories, as such; we have no "school" of ethnology to maintain; our jobs do not depend on our ability to pose as scientists. And for that reason, our investigation of these anthropological theories will be fairer and more accurate than that of the fiercely contending scientists, and our bias, if we have one, easier to correct for than theirs.



ROCK CARVING OF WOOLLY RHINOCEROS

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

SECTION II. HAIL COLUMBIA.

Neither can we deny that Morgan's theory has been fundamentally and drastically attacked, and by no mean antagonists.

There came three scholars out of Europe to make a new American School. The first was Franz Boas. A glance at *Who's Who in America* gives us his history. He was born in Minden, Westphalia, Germany, in 1858, which means that by this time he is an old man, and also that he was a partial contemporary of Morgan's and undoubtedly heard many an echo of the old controversy—Morgan versus the conservatives. He forms a bridge with the past. He was educated mainly in three German universities—Heidelberg, Bonn and Kiel—good universities, where they really work, and have a scientific tradition. He has a degree of Doctor of Philosophy from each of the universities of Kiel and Graz, and holds from the University of Oxford the degrees of Doctor of Laws and Doctor of Science. In 1883-4 he explored Baffin Land. In 1885-6 we find him assistant in the Royal Ethnographical Museum in Berlin, and docent of geography at the University of Berlin. He carried on investigating expeditions in Porto Rico, Mexico and other parts of North America between 1886 and 1923, after he had permanently thrown in his lot with America and established his residence in the United States. We find him docent of anthropology in Clark University for ten years, from 1882 to 1892, chief assistant to the department of anthropology of the Chicago Expedition, assistant curator in 1896 and curator in 1901-5 of the department of anthropology of the American Museum of Natural History. And this is significant, he was lecturer of anthropology at Columbia University from 1896-1899, and professor of anthropology there from 1899 to the present time.

Alexander Goldenweiser was born in Kiev, Russia, in 1880, and after attending several good schools in Germany and Russia, came to America and studied at Harvard University for a year, then graduated from Columbia University in 1902; got a degree of Master of Arts there in 1904, and a degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1910. He immediately began lecturing on anthropology at Columbia University, and continued to do so for nine years. Since then he has lectured at the New School for Social Research in New York City, up to the present time. This has not prevented him from lecturing at the Rand School in 1915, and acting as professor of anthropology at the University of Washington during the summer of 1923.

Robert Lowie was born in Vienna, Austria, in 1883, and came to the United States at the age of ten years. He secured a degree of Bachelor of Arts from the City College of New York in 1901, being also initiated into the Phi Beta Kappa fraternity (an honorary society, supposed to be reserved for especially brilliant students). In 1908 he was given a degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Columbia University, and like Goldenweiser, served there as an

assistant in anthropology until 1909. From there he went to the American Museum of Natural History, where he functioned as assistant curator from 1909 to 1913, and associate curator from 1913 to 1921. From there he went back to Columbia, to act as lecturer in co-operation with his former teacher, Boas, from 1921 to now. His academic activities were enlarged by several terms as associate professor of anthropology at the University of California and by taking part in anthropological expeditions to the Northern Plains Indians, Lake Athabaska tribes, Plateau tribes, Hopi Indians, and others, scattered through a course of ten years. He is associate editor of the *American Anthropologist* magazine since 1912, and was editor of *American Anthropological Literature* for a year.

Setting Up the "New School"

Now, whatever radicals may think of the class character of American education, and the present writer would be the last in the world to deny that it is a prop for capitalism, it still remains true that these three men are brilliant, tireless workers, and have studied both books and men. On them the educational authorities have showered some of their choicest honors, and they hold positions of authority. Their criticism on matters anthropological and ethnological cannot be disregarded. They are the official exponents of modern American anthropological science. None others in America are in the same class with them at all.

Furthermore, after a glance at this brief review of their personal history, I think we are right in surmising that Boas, the link with the past, set up the "new" school. He was the man who struck the keynote at Columbia, and established the atmosphere; probably he also directed the researches, at least by suggestion, of both Lowie and Goldenweiser. The "new school," the "American school," is the "Columbia school" of three German-speaking scientists*

But they themselves refer to it as the "American School." Might it not be proper to suspect here a group patriotism, devoted to building up by hook or crook, a new theory, which has captured the imaginations of three like-minded men? Might it not even be reasonable to suppose that the Americanism of the immigrant, perhaps of the immigrant persecuted in his old home and somewhat unconsciously resentful of that fact, has thrown these three into a fierce and brilliant charge against the Morgan theories still held in Europe?

How They Get "That Way"

Consider another thing. We will show, in a moment, in an analysis of their attack on Morgan, that their theory is largely that there is no theory, that
(Continued on Page 31)

* Of course it is not even suggested that without Boas & Co. the "new school" would not have arisen. Conditions created it, as will presently be shown.

Of the Making of Shrines

By COVINGTON AMI

The world is filled with Holy Sepulchres.

The history of Mankind is marked by the making of Shrines.

His sublimest heroes are not soldiers but Saints.

His Saints are divided into two groups, Saints pacific and Saints militant.

In the first group we have Buddha, Christ, Zoroaster and Confucius.

In the second group we have Moses, Mahomet, Lincoln and Lenin.

The first group is honored with platitudes, the second with pantheons, and both with Shrines.

Out of the tombs of the Saints spring the creeds that govern Mankind, the dogmas by which the Aristocracies rule the Democracies, the laws and constitutions by which the Few harness the Many in their service.

True, most of the Saints did not wish this to happen to the Many, but it did; for the Many, having slaved for centuries, believed, and still believe, that labor is a "curse" and not a blessing; and, so believing, they naturally and of course sought, and seek, to escape the "curse," which, not being able to do in fact, they attempt vicariously—that is to say, not being able to join the Few here on Earth, they hope to be with them in Paradise.

From all of which it will be seen that the Saints are both the freers and enslavers of Humanity, both Lucifers and Liberticides.

Also it will be seen that Asis has given us, with one exception, all our greatest Saints, all our most sacred Shrines—Asis, whose peoples are today outlawed by all the Higher Civilizations.

What strange tricks Time plays on Men!

To what queer ends it bends the purposes of the Saints!

But this is not what I started out to do. I did not will to write a reverie when I began.

What I was interested in was the Making of Shrines by men.

And, to tell the truth, I was more interested in watching the building of the Shrine of the last great Saint than in aught else; for I have been truly astonished at the rapidity with which it has been reared and the swiftness with which the new Priesthood has assumed pontifical authority.

Indeed, there are already many and multiplying signs that Lenin is destined soon to be acknowledged one of the very greatest Saints this Earth has ever known, his Shrine a pilgrim center to millions born and to be born.

All the paraphernalia is there and, Scientist though he was, Saint he shall be.

Fate and the Third International have willed it so.

Fate because Asia is enslaved, and the enslaved always look for Saviors; the Third International because the Shrines of Saints are ever the centers of faith, and creeds are more powerful than cannon.

In vain shall Trotsky and the apostles, passing away, cry: "Lenin was too human a man for deification!"

So was Jesus of Nazareth, but the Priesthood won the battle against the Apostles, and the miracle was wrought.

Already the Pope senses danger; but in vain shall he hurl his bulls against Moscow, and in vain shall the Plutocracies of the West march against the Plutocracies of the East; for ever before the new Gods the old Gods fall.

Behold, the new Shrine rises and the Cross and Crescent pale before the Sickle and the Hammer, and then shall the Three Stars prevail and Man at last be free.

Kismet.

Author's Note:—Nothing in the above line is intended to reflect in any way upon the character of Lenin, whom the author considers the greatest statesman of the century, just as he considers Leon Trotsky the greatest military genius of this age; but the commercial communists, those who are building over the dust of Lenin another "Holy Sepulchre" at Moscow, can take it as they will and howl to their hearts' content: for the author ever was a heretic, and cares no more for the bulls and dogmas of Pope Zinoviev than he does for those of Pope Pius. Now as ever he cries: "Long live INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY."

—C. A.

The U. M. W. of A. in Eastern Kentucky

By ALONZO WALTERS

IN AN article published in the March Pioneer I described some of the rotten labor conditions that prevail in one of the Eastern Kentucky coal fields; the miserably low wages for which miners in that field must work; and the hellishly abominable state of tyranny and terror to which they and their families are at all times subjected at the hands of the Eastern Kentucky coal plutocracy and its henchmen. I compared, by way of contrast, the simple, happy, contented life of the people of that region before the invasion of capital a few short years ago with the sickening state of existence of the wage slaves who largely people that district today—who crawl about daily, amid innumerable dangers, in the dark bowels of the earth, digging profits for their greedy and heartless masters, and who during the hours when they are off the job live with their families in the stinking cesspools of filth that are known as “mining camps”.

The purpose of this article is to discuss **WHAT HAS BEEN DONE**—or, more properly, what has **NOT** been done—by organized labor to ameliorate the miseries and improve the conditions of the toilers in that region.

As explained in my previous article, the first coal mines were opened in the Kentucky valley south of Jackson, Kentucky,—in what is now known as the Hazard Coal Field—in 1912. From that time until the beginning of 1920 the field remained a part of District No. 17 (the West Virginia district) of the United Mine Workers of America. But no attempt was made by the U. M. W. of A. to organize the Hazard coal field until the latter part of the year 1919, at which time a mild “drive” was started under the direction of Frank Keeney, who was then president of District No. 17. Then for two months the organization spread like wildfire. The coal miners lined up in hordes—defying discharge, blacklist, and eviction from their homes in the face of a cruel winter; defying the assaults and atrocities of the “officers of the law,” who worked in conjunction with the coal operators; defying even **death**—which was the fate of many of them at the hands of these hired thugs and assassins. Never was the future of any labor organization more hopeful, more bright and promising, than was that of the U. M. W. of A. in the Hazard (Ky.) coal field at the beginning of the year 1920.

“I Dub Thee Sir Knight”

Then came the 1920 national convention of the U. M. W. of A.

At this convention—which met, as do all the national conventions of the U. M. W. of A., for the purpose of ascertaining and carrying out the wishes of His Most High and (dis)-Honorable Majesty, King John L. Lewis, ruler of the U. M. W. of A.—it was decided—in much the same manner that the old British Parliaments in centuries gone by used to decide matters for the pleasure of their king, whose word was law throughout the realm—to cut off the Hazard and Big Sandy coal fields from District No. 17, and make a new district of them, which was to be District No. 30. The purpose for this action was to create a pie-card position for a new pay-roll pet who had recently found favor in the eyes of King John. Accordingly this man,

whose name was Samuel Pascoe, was appointed to the position of “provisional president” of the new district. A nice, handsomely elegant and luxurious office was fitted up for him at Ashland, Kentucky, and everything put in readiness for him to begin the more or less delightful “work” of reposing his fat southern extremity upon soft cushions while a lucrative salary—squeezed from the hard-earned dollars of dues-paying, coal-digging members of the U. M. W. of A.—flowed in upon him in an incessant stream.

I have been told that this Pascoe qualified himself, in part, for this new promotion by selling to political candidates the “support” of the coal miners in the Peoria (Ill.) sub-district, of which he had been an official just prior to his assignment to the new District No. 30. I do not know whether this is true or not—I have no desire to be unjust to the man—but I can safely and conscientiously declare, after having personally learned as much as I have about his character during the course of his career in Eastern Kentucky, that if I believed in a God—an all-wise, all-powerful and divine creator of all that is—my faith in such a Being would be bound to take a terrible tumble upon noting such an inexcusable blunder on the part of such a Creator as the wasting of so much good material for the making of a mule to create and inflict upon an innocent and helpless working class such a stupid and jackass-like ignoramus—and at the same time such a contemptible and detestable scoundrel—as this Samuel Pascoe.

But I will proceed, leaving the reader to judge, after reading the facts about Pascoe which I shall now relate, whether I am justified in using such strongly denunciatory terms in introducing him to them.

Official Sabotage

As I have already stated, there had never been a brighter outlook for any labor organization, in a hitherto unorganized field, than was that of the U. M. W. of A. in the Hazard and Big Sandy coal field of Kentucky at the time Pascoe took charge of

the organization in these coal fields—in the beginning of the year 1920. Coal miners from one end to the other of both these coal fields were itching for organization—clambering over one another to “get into the union.” As often as a mining camp was visited by an organizer, a local union was established in that camp. More than a score of large locals had been organized in the Hazard field alone; fully that many more had been organized in the Big Sandy field—all during the last two months of 1919.

Such was the situation when Pascoe took charge. What did he do? Let us see.

As a first step, and with no apparent reason for so doing, he cut short—stopped completely—all organizing work. **Every organizer in District No. 30 was at once recalled from the field** where he happened to be working at the time Pascoe took charge—recalled, never to return again.

This most amazing piece of treachery on the part of a union official—who had been sent down there ostensibly for the purpose of advancing the interests of his organization in the district to which he had been assigned and of finishing the work of organizing, already so well begun—completely astounded the coal miners of Eastern Kentucky. All the local unions in that district sent resolutions and letters—one after another—demanding and entreating Pascoe to explain his reason for such unheard-of conduct. Coal miners in unorganized localities held spontaneous meetings and sent in appealing and entreating petitions. Scores of individuals, in as many different parts of the district, wrote letters. All to the same end—and **all in vain**. The vast majority of the resolutions, petitions, letters and appeals were contemptuously ignored by Pascoe. In the few cases in which he did condescend to make reply his replies were as insolent and insulting as such an ignoramus as he knew how to make them. He flatly refused to give any explanation for what he had done or what he yet planned to do; gave the coal miners of District No. 30 to understand that **he was running things now**; that he had his own reasons for what he was doing—reasons which he felt under no obligation to confide to them; so please be governed accordingly, etc., etc. This was the gist and tone of all the replies this scoundrel saw fit to make to these outraged coal miners who had been forced to place their trust in him. Of course, since he is an ignoramus, and almost totally illiterate, as I shall later on show, the wording was in much cruder and blunter terms than the above.

Doing the Operators' Dirty Work

His next move was to completely destroy the local unions that had been organized previous to his being placed in charge of that district. This was accomplished by a very simple, but none the less **extremely brutal** method. In the first place, he refused to offer the slightest protection, encouragement or sympathy to these locals against the merciless onslaughts of the coal operators. Coal miners were forced to sign the infamous “yellow dog contract” Those who re-



COMELY WIFE OF MINER AND COMPANY SHACK
WHERE SHE LIVES

fused to sign were fired, evicted and blacklisted. The most active union men and “agitators” were in this manner driven from the field—forced to seek new employment in other regions. Some of the most persistent were beaten up—some even murdered—by the hired thugs of the coal operators. All of which failed to have the slightest softening effect upon the stony heart of the beast who occupied the “provisional district” office at Ashland. The only part he played in this struggle of the coal miners of District 30 against their employers was to confiscate the funds of local unions as fast as they collapsed under the enemy's blows.

In spite, however, of all the vicious and relentless attacks made upon them by the coal barons—and also despite the fact that at no time were they given the slightest assistance or sympathy by the organization of which they were a part—there were three local unions, at Blackey, Fleming and McRoberts, Kentucky, that bravely held their own against the coal operators, and remained intact for several months. Pascoe's patience finally gave way with these three locals—he found it impossible to restrain his longing to grasp within his greedy and slimy clutches the money that remained in the treasuries of these heroic local unions. So he visited them, some time in the latter part of the summer of 1920, took away their charters upon some flimsy pretext, and robbed them of their funds.

Five years have elapsed since that time, and nothing whatever has been done toward making another attempt to organize District No. 30. Nor has any encouraging word come at any time during this period to the coal miners of that district which

would indicate that there is the slightest intention on the part of the U. M. W. of A. to ever organize that district. Coal miners in District No. 30, after being so shamefully deserted by Pascoe, have poured hundreds of letters into the office of John L. Lewis, appealing to him to have something done to organize them. Lewis, when he saw fit to make reply at all, merely referred these coal miners to "their provisional president," Samuel Pascoe.

Explaining the Fakir's Motives

It may be wondered by those not familiar with the workings of the machinery of the U. M. W. of A.—and for that matter the machinery of nearly all the other so-called "unions" of the American Federation of Labor—as handled by the gang of selfish and self-seeking grafters who head the organization, **what the motive could be** of a union official who deliberately follows such a line of conduct as that followed by Samuel Pascoe in Eastern Kentucky during these five years. However, to those who have been in the old A. F. of L. "unions" long enough to have the slightest understanding of such a situation, his motive is obvious. According to the U. M. W. of A. constitution, as long as a district remains unorganized it is a "provisional district," and its affairs are managed by a "provisional president," who is appointed by the international president of the organization. But as soon as a majority of the miners in a district are organized—then the district is called "self-governing," and a district president and other district officials are **elected** from the ranks of the coal miners who live in that district. As Pascoe belongs to District No. 12, **he would not be eligible for election to the position which he now holds as appointee** of his friend and benefactor, John L. Lewis. Hence his reason for protecting his pie-card by keeping the district unorganized as long as possible.

This is his first motive. Many of the coal miners in District No. 30 strongly suspect and openly intimate that he has also an additional motive—that **he is in a secret conspiracy with the coal operators of Eastern Kentucky to keep that field unorganized**, in which case it is of course to be presumed that he is receiving from these coal operators large slugs of "dough," in addition to the salary he receives from the U. M. W. of A. as "provisional president". I leave the reader to draw his own inference about that, after reading the above.

Conspicuous Ignorance

In order to give the readers of this article a chance to see for themselves a sample of the intellectual attainments, the educational qualifications, of a man who is entrusted by the U. M. W. of A. with such an important, responsible and lucrative position as "provisional president" of a district, I insert here a letter which was written by Pascoe to a blacklisted coal miner of Hazard, Kentucky. It will be noted that good grammar, correct spelling

and proper punctuation are conspicuous in this letter—by reason of their absence therefrom:

Ashland ky, Dec, 16, 1924,

* * * * *

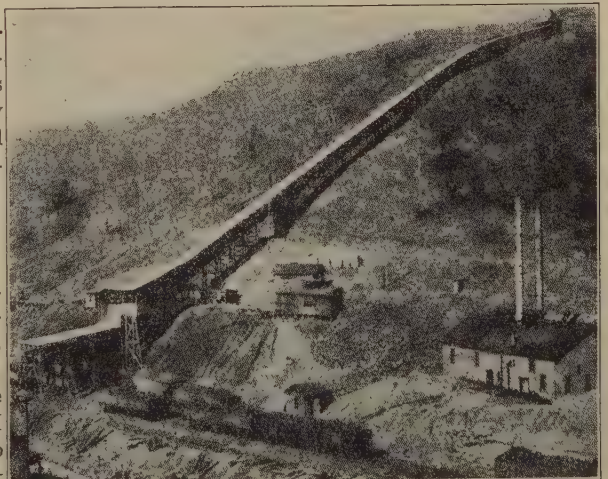
Dear sir,

your Most asTounding letter of Dec, 1, reached this office in Due Time, and in Reply to your most Ignorant Inquiries will say the national Exuctive Board Mapp out our policys and I am Carrying them out to the letter, we are not giving any Information to such Ignorant and silly questions, I am returning your Stamps and I hope In the future you will avoid Demonstrateing your Total Ignorance by not writeing and asking such silly and ignorant questions.

yours very Truly,
Samuel Pascoe,

The above letter was written by Pascoe in reply to a blacklisted coal miner, who had written him, politely and **very pertinently** inquiring if it was his intention ever again to organize the Hazard Coal Field, and if not, why? Pascoe's letter in reply not only illustrates the insolent contempt in which he holds the victimized and blacklisted coal diggers of his district and his brutal disregard for their feelings and welfare, but also shows, as I have already pointed out, his excellent educational qualifications. After reading the above letter the reader will not need to be told that it would be a gross insult to a fifth-grade school boy to have it intimated to him that he was the author of such a letter.

There may be—perhaps will be—people who find it hard to believe that there is in all the realm of rascality and scoundrelhood a rascal of so deep a dye, a scoundrel so complete and contemptible, as he whom I have described in the foregoing; but I can verify every assertion I have made by the testimony of numerous coal diggers. Rotten and corrupt as the U. M. W. of A. machine is well known to be, I am firmly convinced that the rottenest of



A HILLSIDE COAL MINE

all its official cogs—not even excepting the prince of rottenness, John L. Lewis—is that pitiful parody on manhood—no, beg pardon! I mean **snakehood** and **mulehood** (with apologies, of course, to all natural serpents and donkeys)—who for the last five years has played traitor to the coal diggers of Kentucky's hills—**Samuel Pascoe**.

Workers Foully Betrayed

In the foregoing paragraphs I have faithfully endeavored to review as fully and concisely as was possible, within the space to which I felt obliged to limit myself—and this article is already longer than I intended it should be when I began writing it—the shameful history of the United Mine Workers of America in Eastern Kentucky. Their achievements in that region may be easily summarized: They have completely crushed—more completely than it could have been done by the coal barons themselves, with all the dastardly methods that are

known to them—every movement that has ever been started by Eastern Kentucky coal miners to organize themselves or better in any way their awful conditions; they have turned a deaf ear to all the heart-rending appeals that came to them from victimized coal miners and their families. While true-blooded workers were exhibiting the heroic courage to suffer hardships and miseries beyond power of description for the advancement of unionism, these official traitors of the working class sat silent and serene in their snug, comfortable offices, doing nothing but draw their fat salaries and help keep under the iron heel of oppression the wage slaves whom they had betrayed.

One thing worth noting, however, is that they have succeeded—and succeeded well—in accomplishing. They have completely destroyed every bit of faith that the working class of Eastern Kentucky ever had in the United Mine Workers of America.

I. W. W. Publications

Authorized by the General Executive Board of the
I. W. W.

(English)

INDUSTRIAL SOLIDARITY

Published weekly at 1001 West Madison St., Chicago, Illinois. Subscription price: \$2 per year; six months, \$1. Bundle orders, 3 cents a copy. Single copies, 5 cents.

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

The only real revolutionary magazine of the working class, published monthly in the English language. \$2 per year; \$1.00 for six months; 50 cents for three months; single copies, 20 cents.

INDUSTRIAL WORKER

Published twice a week at 1925 Western Ave., Seattle, Wash. Mail address: Box 1857, Seattle, Wash. Make all checks and money orders payable to Industrial Worker. Subscription, per year, in United States, \$4; outside United States, \$5. Six months; \$2, three months, \$1; bundle orders (United States and Alaska) 3 cents.

(Russian)

GOLOS TRUZENIKA

(The Voice of Labor)

Magazine, published monthly, 1001 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Subscription price \$1.50 a year; six months, 80 cents. Bundle order, over five copies, 10 cents per copy. Single copies 15 cents each.

(Hungarian)

BERMUNKAS

(Wage Worker)

Published monthly at 1001 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Subscription price: \$2 per year; six months, \$1. Bundle orders, 3 cents per copy. Single copy, 5 cents.

(Italian)

IL PROLETARIO

(The Proletarian)

Published weekly at 158 Carroll St., New York, N. Y.

Subscription price: \$2 per year; six months \$1. Bundle orders, 3 cents per copy. Single copies, 5 cents.

(Spanish)

SOLIDARIDAD

(Solidarity)

Published twice monthly at 1001 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Subscription price: \$1 per year (26 issues). Single copies, 5 cents.

(Czecho-Slovak)

JEDNA VELKA UNIE

(One Big Union)

Magazine. Published monthly at 1001 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Subscription price: \$2 per year; single copy, 20 cents. Bundle orders, 14 cents per copy.

(Finnish)

TIE VAPAUTEEN

(The Road to Freedom)

Magazine published monthly at 1001 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Subscription price: \$1.75 per year. Bundle orders over five copies, 20 per cent allowed. Single copies, 15 cents.

INDUSTRIALISTI

(The Industrialist)

Published daily in Duluth, Minn. Write to Box 464, Duluth, Minn., for prices on bundle orders and subscriptions.

(Scandinavian)

INDUSTRI-ARBETAREN

(Industrial Worker)

The Scandinavian organ of the I. W. W. Contains articles in Swedish and Norwegian. For sale on all news stands at 5 cents a copy. Bundle orders, 3 cents per copy. Single copies, 5 cents. Subscription rate: \$1 per year.

Make Your Press More Powerful!

Women in Industry

By CONSTANCE EDGERTON

Here is a group of stories by a social worker who lost her job when the unemployment club cracked down. Her experiences prior to and following this crisis are interesting, and she has vividly presented them black on white. One is impressed by her sincerity and the keen manner in which she observes life around her. Her conclusions suggest that she has been jarred from her old faith in labor legislation, and that she sees the impossibility of working class advances through legislatures. The advance must be made by economic association and in an era of great industry the mode of industrial unionism stands out scientifically correct.

I. WELFARE WORKS

"SHIPMENTS" ARE HUMAN CARGO

A BLISTERING day. The earth lay parched and cracked. I sat at my desk making copy for the shop paper. My telephone buzzed. A soft voice greeted me: "I am Mrs. Everett Shoemaker. My husband died one hour ago. We are alone up here. A labor scout* brought us from Syracuse. Some one told me if I called Miss Edgerton you would do everything for me" . . . I assured her I would, so I laid aside my copy for a talk with the undertaker, and then the florist, for the plant was liable to spread—almost certain to. This funeral was taken care of, and charged to the Welfare department. * * *

* * *

On a wet chill October day my office door opened and a woman entered. In her arms she carried a baby. I took the child. The little mother said: "They sent me to Miss Edgerton and said you would find rooms for us. I am so tired. We are staying at a hotel. The labor scout brought us from St. Louis. He said we could get a furnished apartment for twenty-five dollars a month".

Janesville was a boom town. Single rooms (for sleeping only) rented from seven to fifteen dollars a week. Men paid it and smiled.

"We were doing fairly well in St. Louis," went on the little woman, "but Henry heard the labor scout talking and wild horses could not stop him from coming to Janesville. He thinks we will get rich quick".

I had no place for her. Women and babies were prohibited. Her eyes filled with tears. She was so tiny, so girlish, so pathetic. "Whenever I read of that first Christmas night and all the inns being full, I wept," she said.

On my mother's land was our playhouse, from childhood days. It was one room, unplastered, twenty by twenty, and a porch. Hither I brought her. She was delighted with this little house and insisted on paying rent. Here Henry sat on the porch—for the rain cleared and October's haze covered the

land. The elms and the sycamores were covering the ground with their litter of leaves. On the hill-sides the wild plum bushes showed their bluish red fruit. There was a smoky haze in the sky. The girl-woman saw it all and was happy.

The house was well enough for mild weather but with January she was taken down with pneumonia. Her mother came from St. Louis. The struggle was brief. The girl-woman who had followed her man (and a labor scout) into a land of golden nuggets, went back to the home of her childhood in a coffin... The little playhouse is empty. The big plant is closed. A ghost town stands, silently wondering where are the men and the women who laughed, worked and planned; who poured out as the noon whistle blew, smiling, dreaming their golden dreams. . . . For such is the way of labor scouts. They know not God, truth, honor, nor labor conditions. They get while the getting is good, and their spoil is not only man's body, but his soul.

* * *

"Hello Miss Edgerton," caroled Mr. Moore, labor scout supreme, as he led two well dressed young girls into my office. "I brought you two girls and told them you would find a nice, cheap home for them." Which could not be done. Before I could reply Mr. Moore was gone.

The girls hailed from Davenport, Iowa. Both were stenographers. Moore had told them they would receive forty dollars a week salary, and good board was cheap. Gently I told them I was the highest paid woman in the plant and my wages were not forty dollars. Board was not less than fifteen dollars (including lodging). From careful survey and much budgeting I knew carfare, laundry and other necessary items eat deeply into the earnings. Moore had said they could save a thousand dollars in a year.

I got in touch with all departments. There were no openings for them. Just what possessed Mr. Moore to bring them on this wild trip I was unable to determine. However they were here and must be taken care of. I decided to take the meekest one in as my clerk—a luxury I had long been promised. Her wages were set at eighteen dollars a week. The other one I charged to the employment department,

* A labor scout is an agent sent out by corporations to recruit laborers.

boarding her at the Du Pont Club until she should be placed.

The days wore on. Miss Brown, our clerk, was my chief concern. Her board was fifteen dollars a week. Miss Arden, her partner, was having her board paid, and drawing twenty dollars a week for her time, although she was not employed, making her wage thirty-five dollars.

I had put in a stiff plea for this, and disregarding all orders, had sent her board bill to the employment department, which was eagerly waiting for Miss Brown to pay her carfare from Davenport to Janesville, as is the way of shipments. The girl was not earning enough to live decently on and was worried to the extreme.

I made out a bill for one hundred dollars to the employment department, received a check for the same, and cashing it, turned it over to Miss Brown, as part compensation for her mis-treatment. Constantly, with higher authority, I talked of these two girls, and Scout Moore's false representations. Finally, both girls were taken in and given desks in the time department, at twenty dollars a week, and their board paid by the plant, at the Du Pont Club.

* * *

"Miss Edgerton, I hereby appoint you camp inspector," sang my chief one melting July day, when the smell of decaying garbage from the camp was enough to make even a staid woman like me start out reforming. Very ignorant was I of camp sanitation, but willing to try anything once, so I presented myself at the camp gate. The policeman admitted me. In the quartermaster's office I told my errand. He accompanied me on the rounds—through a camp that housed fifteen hundred men, and was insistent that my report begin and end with: "ADVISED DISPOSAL OF GARBAGE. SAME TAKEN CARE OF." I followed his instructions, and was congratulated on the masterly report I turned in. Verily, the duties of camp inspector were easily mastered.

* * *

"Today I will ask you to attend to my phone

calls; give the sporting my publicity; answer telegrams; accept games and write out contracts, while I take my team to practice," said George Perring, athletic director, and member of the welfare department, to me, as the spring wind coaxed me to play truant.

"While I," said Glenn Gardiner, also a welfare worker, just out of the university, and whose sole duties were to polish his pink finger nails, "have to help lay out the shop paper. Take care of my affairs, Miss Edgerton."

"Do not ask dear Miss Edgerton to do more than she is able to do," spoke Mr. Holst, who wrote top heavy essays which were supposed to teach the workman to invest the monies he did not have. "It is imperative I go to the bank to meet some of our department payments, and Miss Edgerton always attends to my office."

Up spoke Claude Fagan, another welfare worker: "Miss Edgerton promised to take care of my office while I attend the Morgan funeral. I asked her yesterday."

"Whoa now," warned Roger West, the Safety Engineer. "My work calls me to Plant Number Two, and Miss Edgerton is looking after my calls."

Half an hour later all were gone. I sat alone in the building—a portable house consisting of six small offices. Entered Mr. Markham, our chief, with: "Hello Miss Edgerton. Where are all the boys?"

"Playing golf," I answered, taken off guard, and forgetting their perfectly good alibis.

* * *

Like a bolt from heaven, or a tidal wave, it came in the late fall of 1920, the curtailment of industry. In two weeks the plant had laid off twelve hundred men and four hundred women. No need of a welfare worker now . . . Like hundreds of others, I found myself looking for work. Just work. No special brand. While wondering where and when to find it, the mail brought me a letter from Paula Van Norden, also an industrial welfare worker, who had been let out in the depression, and was coming on from Chicago.

II. KRAUT

"Shake a leg! You there! Think this is a tea party?" I paid no heed. My mind was on my work, at which I was slow, and the work was stuffing kraut. Now the owner of the voice stopped at my side and rasped on: "I mean you, Constance!"

"I am Miss Edgerton to you," I said, not quickening my pace.

"Haw! haw! haw! Thass good! Miss Edgerton! How do you get that way? Let your little lamb away from your side tonight long enough to ride over to Delevan with me?"

"I would kill her first," I said and kept stuffing kraut.

The lamb he referred to was Paula Van Norden, twenty-three, pretty, laughing, a welfare worker by profession, a kraut packer by necessity. This

work supplied her with her daily bread, and afforded her the opportunity to study the conditions of working women first hand. She would have much to report from this factory—The Bower City Canning Company.

Our day began at 7 a. m. We packed kraut continuously until 6 p. m. We ate our lunch as we worked. At 6:30, after a hastily snatched supper, we reported again for work, under an assumed name, as the state laws say no woman shall work in excess of forty-four hours per week. Our night work was labeling, at which we made twenty-four cents an hour. We worked three hours a night. Each pay day we drew two checks, under two names, which we would cash at the factory office, thus saving questioning at the bank. The shed in which we

stuffed kraut was an unplastered building, no fire, poorly lighted, invariably cold. Our hands were cut and bleeding from pushing the kraut into the small openings on the cans. Sometimes fingers were bandaged; sometimes not. We all liked the night work. It was in another part of the building, and we were warm. We could sit down at this work.

"You oughta tell Paula to go out with the boss," said Lil Hogan to me when he had passed beyond hearing. "It'd make it easier for you both."

"Paula does not care to go with him," I said.

"Yes, she does," said Lil cheerily. "She's young and she has to have expansion. Whatya such a spoil sport for? She'll hate you by an' by when she thinks how you crabbed her and kept her in."

Beside me was a new girl, tall and slim. Somehow she reminded me of a young poplar tree. Her hair was bronze. She wore a green silk sweater and a woolen sport skirt. I trembled inwardly thinking of their ruin. The boss slid between us and cooed at her: "Any chance of my taking you to Delevan to-night?"

Next day she was absent and the consensus of opinion was that he discharged her for daring to refuse his invitation. His boast was that if a girl was not sociable, it was the gate for her. With Paula he was lenient. Ever she represented me as the fierce aunt and declared to him she would go out with him but for my interference, and he fell for her story.

Lil Hogan was all primed for a talk on high society. "That red head what was, ain't no further ahead refusing the boss. Maybe she's looking for a job now. The boss is a gentleman. He spends like a millionaire, speeds past all them cement headed

cops, and treats a girl right," she said as her fingers flew around in the kraut.

A seasonal worker was Lil. The beanery was her sole means of support. She was large, dark, beautiful, well past thirty, and lived with her aged parents in a modest cottage near the factory. She seemed to have no spiritual, no intellectual side to her make up. She lived for pleasure. Expansion was her objective. Six weeks out of the year she worked in the pea fields; five months in the factory, and was idle the remainder. What she earned she put on her back. Her father was a street sweeper and supplied the table.

Not a bad place to work, the beanery, all things considered. Beating the state law on hours, we averaged \$3.85 per day. In mid-November the "pack" come to a finish. We were alert for another job . . . which we secured at once.

This was a shade factory, said to be the only one in the United States. Our salary was thirty cents an hour. We worked nine hours a day. The afternoon of the second day Paula was canned, and I quit. Just why Paula was discharged we did not know. They gave no reason, simply handed her a time check. . . .

Next morning at eight we reported for work at the Parker Pen Company. Paula did typing. I was file clerk. This was an ideal place to work—rest rooms, cafeteria, recesses, nurse, matron and doctor. Our salary was eighteen dollars a week for forty-four hours.

We were living our own way once more, finding nothing to startle us; women treated fair; offices well ventilated, heated, lighted. We quit, for ours was the vagabond life, which in years to come would be our reference book.

III. WITHIN THE LAW

They tell you Wisconsin has a Minimum Wage Law; workingwomen are protected; an employer is fined should he pay less than the minimum wage. At civic meetings a speaker comes down from Madison and tells you this is so; he says if you hear of a case contrary, it is your duty to report it, so justice may be meted out to the woman; a fine levied on the man.

Well and good, in writing. The law exists only on paper. Women are exploited. Industry prospers.

To obtain firsthand data, I answered an advertisement for an office clerk. It was a September afternoon in 1922. The firm advertising was a Branch Office of the Holland Furnace, located at Janesville, Wisconsin.

The youngish-old man who was branch manager told me the Holland could not afford to pay much, and there was not much work to do, but a girl had to be decent, honest, smart, intelligent, know the town, know how to meet and salve the public, be able to sell a furnace, keep books, answer correspondence, and the Holland would be willing to pay for this.

He hemmed and hawed, beat about the bush, and finally stated the wages. Ten dollars a week.

"The law holds ten dollars and fifty cents a week for inexperienced workers, and thirteen for experienced, as the minimum wage," I said.

"The Holland Furnace is a poor concern," he whined. "If you start for ten, I will raise you two dollars every week until you are getting eighteen."

Desiring data, and meaning to report the case as soon as I was at work, I took the job.

For three weeks I worked for ten dollars a week. Then I asked for an increase. He refused on the grounds that the Holland was not financially sound. However, if I would stay, next week, he would pay more.

Knowing that the Minimum Wage Law was effective in Wisconsin, I telephoned the manager of the Chamber of Commerce asking what steps were necessary to bring this matter before the proper authority, as I was being exploited, paid less than it takes to maintain a slave. Was there redress for this wrong? To which he replied:

"I don't care about such things. Call up Stanley

Dunwiddie,"—the district attorney. I did. Mr. Dunwiddle said that while he felt it was wrong he did not feel disposed to do anything about it; that if he looked into every law that was infringed simply because he was district attorney, it would be necessary for him to have a dozen assistants.

A poker fell on my foot and disabled me. This looked as if fate had taken the affair out of my hands. It was a matter for the Industrial Commission to adjust, and when they saw the salary I was receiving they would see to it that the Holland Furnace Company paid for breaking a law.

This was a mistake. They were interested in dealing with me.

Time wore along. My foot was so painful that I could not walk. I appealed to the Commission, who set a hearing for July 12, 1923. At this hearing Kardux, manager of the Holland Furnace, stated he paid me ten dollars per week because I was inexperienced, and his testimony was stricken out.

Mr. McCormick, chief examiner for the Commission, was fair in every way. My doctor bills were allowed, and ten dollars a week compensation to me all through my disability. He scorned a man who would pay a woman ten dollars a week. He was powerless to enforce the law. His business was settling claims for injured workers, not looking up law infringements.

About the fifteenth of October, 1922, Kardux employed a Miss Myrtle Probst as clerk. Her wage was ten dollars a week. Her home was not in Janesville. She paid four dollars a week for her room. Her meals, laundry, carfare and clothes could not be covered with the remaining six dollars. After three desperate weeks of semi-starvation and running behind in her room rent, she asked for more wages. He told her quite baldly he would make up the deficiency to her, with his own money, if she conformed to his low desires. Miss Probst left.

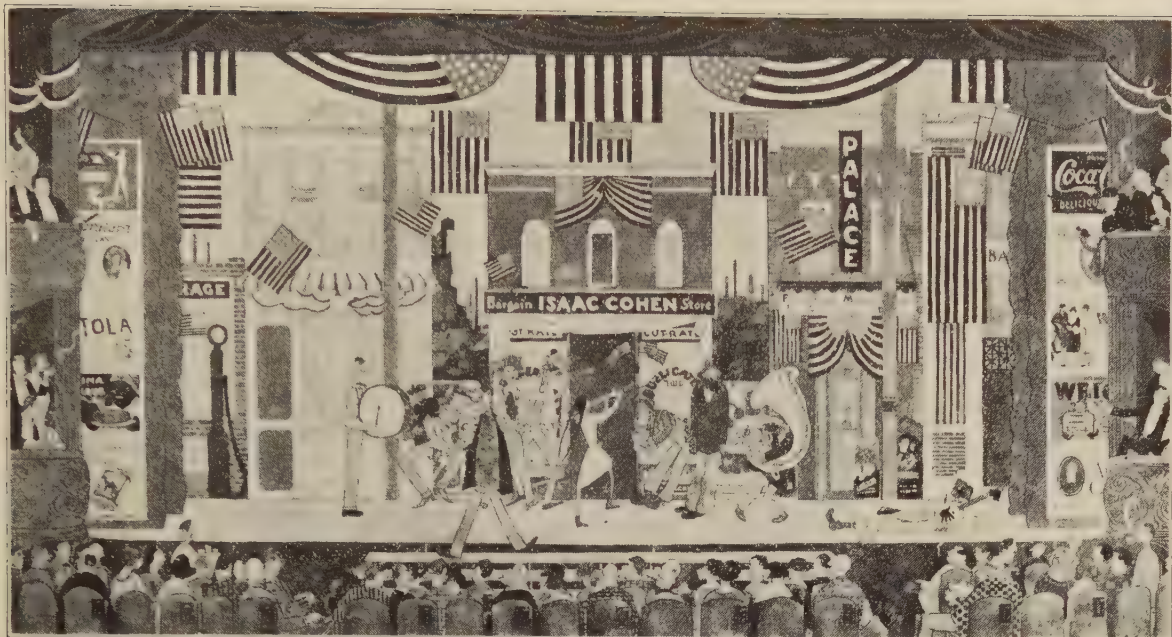
A Mrs. Edith Mann was his next clerk. He named no wage but assured her he would pay "enough to get by on" and for three weeks refused to give her anything! She left. He had never turned her name into the Main office as a worker. To this day she has that three weeks' salary coming to her. She took the matter up with the district attorney, and with the manager of the Chamber of Commerce. Both advised her they did not wish to become involved in so small a matter. Mr. Nelson (manager of the Chamber) asked her if it was her first trip off the farm.

The Holland Furnace Company is still doing business. Only two nights ago an eloquent speaker (who teaches sociology at the University of Wisconsin) spoke to us on the Minimum Wage Law, declaring it was effective. I wonder who is wrong?

Question

By HENRY GEORGE WEISS

Put to the test would my spirit rebel
At yielding my flesh to the chain and the cell?
Would freedom be naught, would high honor be flown,
If weighed 'twixt the truth and a dungeon of stone?
Would I cringe to the vassals of power and gold
If the noose of the hangman were looped for the bold?
Would timidity conquer when danger drew nigh?
Would the flesh be so weak as to fear once to die?
Down with the thought! Such a fate is the worst
That stamps one a coward forever accursed,
A traitor to truth, a dastard, a knave!
Far better the dungeon, the rope and the grave!
High heaven the strength in my bosom instill
That held to the last the courage of Hill!



THIS IS THE SETTING FOR THE FIRST ACT

Those Processional Blues

By BOB ROBBINS

NEW YORK has recently been treated to a fantastic play called "Processional". It is a product of this jazz age. The underlying philosophy seems to be that we are all either products or adherents of it. From the picture that John Lawson, the author, has photographed from life we note that the characters are victims of the jazz germ. These are the miners who are striking in the little West Virginia town where the action takes place; the agitator-philosopher; a low-comedy sheriff; a Jew storekeeper, as played, typical of the burlesque show, or maybe the conception of Anne Nichols, whose "Abie's Irish Rose" is now, I suspect, playing every tank town in this great free country of ours. In fact everything and everybody is typical—and commonplace.

Here is the concise formula for the play: "Everybody's doing it . . ." Most of us will remember this phrase as the title of a particularly jazzy tune when jazz was still an infant. Now it is an overgrown kid—for the most part making childish noises. Lawson has presented a rather chaotic picture. True enough it is like life, but even the most sordid of lives is varied and a little less monotonous than some of his marionettes. Then you may ask me, "Well, then, should Lawson inject color into this vaudeville show?" Not necessarily; but certainly the O'Neill flavor and the Shaw wit are admirable things!

When "Processional" was first produced early in February it provoked much discussion and varied opinions, and even the dramatic critics were puzzled

by this freak show. A few weeks later, however, they saw the light and hailed it in such manner that Ringling Brothers' Circus press agent must have been put to shame.

Here are some of the characters in the procession, marching to the tune of the Yankee Doodle Blues: a high-hatted mine owner, parading around in a Prince Albert coat, and actually *living* in the town where he operates (beg pardon, where the miners operate) his mines; the sheriff, who is photographed, by the newspaperman, standing over the agitator who has been knocked down by the *army*; then there is the glib-tongued newspaperman, who poses and quotes random lines of poetry,—the kind of guy who is quite capable of getting off that famous line, chock full of bunk, "I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul," etc. He is covering the strike and is prepared to make everybody famous—or infamous—as the case may be. He flashes a telegram: "Burn up the wires. (Signed). William Randolph Hearst." He's got the "Billy Hearst Blues." . . . It's contagious. . . . It's outrageous. . . . Jazz . . . Processional . . .

The Ku Klux Klan is burlesqued and ridiculed. Somebody gets sentimental about the other fellow's mother. The hundred per centers come in for a rap, with this choice line: "Pioneers is sons-o'-bitches!" "Everybody's doing it . . ." Jazz spares no one! We're all in on it!

This "Processional" is most certainly worth seeing when it hits your locality.

The Passing of a Building Trades Boss

By SAM MURRAY

UP TO the time of his withdrawal a few years ago there is no question that P. H. McCarthy was the most prominent and best known figure in the labor movement west of the Mississippi River. A review of some of the high spots of his spectacular career should be both instructive and interesting to the student of labor history.

Most of the citations are common knowledge with old union men of the Bay district, some can be vouched for by the personal experience of the writer, while some of the less important but interesting matter, based on common gossip, have not, so far as I know, ever been denied.

It may also be well to state here that facts are dealt with only in so far as they are, in the opinion of the writer, useful and not on account of any bearing that they have on the personal character of the individual. The writer has never been an advocate or believer in the efficacy of character assassination, for, if we could by the usual outburst of acrimonious diatribes, vilification and abuse prove that the leaders of the A. F. of L. were any more crooks and fakirs than we are, we would accomplish nothing except, probably, encourage a similar union under a different leadership; for if Christ himself and his twelve apostles should succeed the head of the A. F. of L. and his coterie of vice-regents, we should still have that atavistic anachronism, a craft union, and to assume that any amount of renovation, revision, amalgamation or cross breeding will produce anything but a hybrid monstrosity is pure Fosterian bunk.

How The Great Man Started

P. H. McCarthy, we are told, arrived in San Francisco from Ireland, in the early 'Nineties and his first job was purchased at Murray and Ready's Employment Agency, then in a little office on Clay Street. I well remember this office, and its rise to the position of a great labor agency is almost as spectacular as the career of its humble but promising clients; nor were these careers entirely separate, for at the time that McCarthy was first tasting of the glory of his fame as a labor leader this outfit was conducting a strike-breaking agency and, in a weekly Bulletin they issued free to employers, they were the first to give P. H. McCarthy the name of Pin Head McCarthy often afterwards applied



by his enemies. The job we are informed was that of a porter in the Argonaut Hotel at thirty dollars per month.

I am not informed if he was a carpenter at that time or just when he first joined the carpenters' union, but in the years that followed the period of the Spanish war, when the building trades were making great inroads in the industry with their closed shop program, he at once became a central figure not only among the carpenters but in the whole industry. He was distinguished on account of his adherence to two principles.

Foresight Demonstrated

He was a strong federation advocate. At a time when most mechanics could see no farther than their trade he was an advocate of the principle of close federation within the industry, and it is doubtful if any other part of the A. F. of L. was as closely federated as that part ruled over by P. H. McCarthy. He was the father of the local and state building trades councils of both of which he was permanent head until his late resignation. He also had a genius for welding together the organizations of small contractors, which prevailed in the industry at that time, and the organizations of their employees into a solid, compact body, that was pretty nearly able to dictate terms; so that when the Spreckles or some other big outfit wanted to build a large office building they ran up against a solid combination, and what they wouldn't do to a working stiff trying to get a home on the installment plan isn't worth mentioning. For twenty years the building industry of the Bay district was held in the vice-like grip of this dual dictatorship, and to try to secure employment without the favor of the great boss was like trying to break into congress without a political machine. Although most of McCarthy's life was

spent in the labor movement, we are informed that before the earthquake of 1906, comparatively early in his career, his real estate was assessed at \$65,000, probably half of its salable value. Judging from rumors of later times he should be near the millionaire class by now.

Typical Craftist Tactics

Like all craft union leaders, he was an ardent upholder of the "sacred contract." So after the earthquake he hastened to inform the employers that no advantage would be taken of the increased demand for building workers and that all contracts would be scrupulously lived up to. Electrical Workers' Union No. 6. (inside wiremen) had a contract, but owing to abnormal conditions, prices of living, particularly rents, having gone up like a rocket, they asked to have that part of their contract calling for five dollars a day changed to six dollars. Most of the small contractors signed up, but the big ones appealed to McCarthy and he instructed the wiremen to stick to their agreement. But they claimed that they had secured the signatures of the majority of the contractors and as an emergency had developed since the contract was signed they were justified in their demands, and they called a strike on all the five-dollar jobs. McCarthy outlawed them and sent out a call for union electricians to come to Frisco and work for five dollars. Where six-dollar men were employed alongside of other crafts P. H. called his men off and compelled the employment of five-dollar men. The union was broken up and McCarthy's strikebreaking union, which he had organized at the beginning of the trouble, fell heir to the charter and a number of old No. Sixes. At the time that this strike was called I had a shopmate who quit his job and joined McCarthy's union. Afterwards when he was elected mayor, McCarthy appointed him a Deputy Electrical Inspector at a salary of \$1,800 per year. Since his former job was that of a shipyard wireman at \$4.00 per day, he, like Casey Jones, "was doing mighty fine," which goes to show that Mac didn't always forget his friends who helped him against his enemies.

Similar stunts to the above were later pulled on the plumbers, plasterers and others; nor were they always confined to the workers in the Building Industry, for in 1918, while I was working in the shipyards, I noticed that Murray and Ready were continually advertising for men to man dredges in the bay. Since these jobs are not the kind to go begging in Frisco even in war time I asked a dredge-man who was temporarily stopping at the hotel where I lived. He said, "Oh, that is P. H. McCarthy's union". He then related to me how his union had replaced their business agent, who was a political friend of P. H., and with the help of P. H. the ousted official was trying to organize a new union. They had gotten a few dredges, dissatisfied with the union, to agree to employ their men, but they had no men, so they went to this former strike-breaking agency and gave them an order for men. You paid ten dollars job fee and they sent you to the business agent and he collected an initiation

fee of fifteen dollars and you were a union man with a union job.

Any Compromise For Union Shadow

As has been observed above, McCarthy was far from having the full support of the building workers behind him, but on account of his system and friendship of employers his machine kept a strangle hold on the jobs (the key to the heart of the craft union building worker) which always gave them a safe majority, although there was always a strong undercurrent of discontent both as a matter of principle and in the case of individuals who thought they could do better without the machine.

Then came the open shop drive of 1921. The bosses announced the American Plan and the men struck. Times were hard and work in other lines scarce, but the men held out nobly. McCarthy and his men got together and cooked up a scheme whereby the men were to go back under the American Plan but keep the union together. However, some could not see through the scheme of keeping a union together after it had demonstrated its inability to do anything for them, just to furnish jobs for the officials. For twenty years the union had kept them at work and protected them from the competition of out-of-town workers. It is true the dues were high, assessments regular and heavy and the leaders had grown rich and famous, but they paid as long as the fence around the jobs held. But now the boss had kicked over the fence and was hiring anybody he pleased and still the leaders wanted them to pay. They refused to go back to work, got together, and called a general strike in all the industries of the Bay district against the American Plan. Some of them left their unions and others were expelled. Their general strike was more or less a fiasco but they had made a lot of noise and scared the leader. McCarthy resigned and became a sort of expert adviser to his former supporter who was elected in his place, and an attempt was made at a conciliation, but the insurgents refused to be pacified. They declared that they had been sold out and that McCarthy and his whole bunch were a lot of crooks and fakirs and that the time had arrived for a complete realignment. They formed a mass union (called it an industrial union), which floundered around for awhile and then died.

Getting In On "The Ground Floor"

McCarthy's final stunt was a political one. The water power possibilities of California are prominent among the greatest resources of this state of great natural wealth and feeble-minded politicians. In the campaign of 1922 there was a referendum on the ballot designed to permit the state to assume control of the water power. Quite naturally the power trust opposed this "socialistic" measure and P. H. took the field in their behalf. After the measure was defeated it developed that McCarthy had received the modest sum of \$10,000 out of their fund. When confronted with this, the former baggage buster and wood butcher explained that it was merely a normal fee for services actually rendered

during the few weeks he was in their employ. But the measure had been sponsored by liberal bourgeois like Rudolph Spreckles, Wm. Kent and Franklin Hitchborn, and they were able to stir up quite a stink over the fact that California's greatest labor leader had taken this money for his efforts in helping the power monopoly to fasten its grip on the future of the "Golden State". So McCarthy severed all connections with the state and local building trades councils and is apparently out of the labor movement for good.

Most of the efforts of the enemies of P. H. McCarthy are in the direction of a recital of his shady acts with the aim of proving he owed his success to having sold out to the employers, but these accusations really amount to nothing as they are hard to prove and there have always been crooks and fakirs in all kinds of labor unions and not all have been on the side of the so-called reaction by any means. Very hard, indeed, would it be to establish that any of his acts were out of harmony with the principles and tactics of craft unionism.

In my opinion McCarthy "got there" because he was the kind of a plug that fitted into a certain hole when that hole was open. A lesser genius, or any other kind of tactics, would hardly have succeeded at the time. He was a great leader and organizer and along with a magnificent fighting spirit he was ruthless and despotic. While the placid career of Samuel Gompers was only occasionally disturbed by the feeble peckings of socialists or communists, McCarthy was always the storm center of vigorous strife. There was always more or less friction between the Building Trades Council and the Labor Council, and as the Labor Council was constantly changing officers and McCarthy was a permanent fixture in the Building Trades Temple it was on his head that the weight of most of the bitterness fell. This and his habit of scabbing insurgent unions out of existence or into line caused him to live an exceptionally strenuous life.

What we learn from a study of McCarthy's life, which differs little, in character, from that of other craft union leaders for the past 20 or 30 years, and is a verification of the I. W. W. contention that craft unionism with its contract and harmony principles under professional labor leaders has only benefited the few at the expense of the many, is the knowledge we gain of the epoch that he personified that will be of use to us in the future. Since "experience is only a name some people have for their mistakes" the knowledge of the mistakes of labor's past must be depended on as our guide for the future. However, we will also have to learn to distinguish between the mistakes of the past and the experiences which got by on account of past conditions which no longer exist.

The career of P. H. McCarthy cannot be duplicated in the present age. It belongs to the era that preceded the world war. The small contractor, largely, upon whose friendship and co-operation he rode to power and prestige, is no longer a factor

and the labor agent of the employer, in the form of a union leader, has been replaced largely by the secret, undercover agent. The successful organizer of the future will be the man who can rise above the new obstacles with which we are confronted. He will be a genius and a fighting man, just as McCarthy and his kind, and just as the I. W. W. soap-boxer speaking from the street corner at his stupid crowd, or the delegate carrying the rigging through lumber camps and harvest drives, was often a genius and a fighting man of a certain order, but he must use tactics and possess qualities that are somewhat different from those that distinguished either the A. F. of L. leaders or the pioneers of the I. W. W. The post-war epoch with its concentration of all economic power into the hands of a few world financiers; the passing of political power; the extremely large grouping of workers under scientific management, both in the matter of securing output and keeping them in subjection, including the chloroforming paternalism sometimes practised; possibility of steady employment for life together with the extreme uncertainty of it; the passing or subdividing of the mechanical trades are some of the conditions along with which the effect of the post-war civilization on the life and habits of the worker off the job will call for an altogether different line of approach than has been used in the past.

The anarcho-syndicalist attitude of mind which is reflected, largely and anti-thetically, by contact with the cockroach psychology of western farm and business life, as well as the ideology of communism, the offspring of an historical background of village life, must be subordinated.

The future demands a line-up that is in harmony with the structure and spirit of the new age. Our business is to prepare now for that future.



Poems

By LAURA TANNE

Voice

No eulogies for great men from me.
Let them sleep quietly in their auspicious caverns
With names sodden with dust and worm-decorated.
Repetitious eternal eulogies smitten with holy tradition—
I'll not disturb you.

Songs for a Greek boy hiding his English grammar book
Under a bowl of sugar, within shadows of red meat
In the restaurant where he works
Injecting vividness of glance at the young Swedish girl
In white apron, bringing visions of golden marguerites
And wild sea-winds chained in pale flesh.

Songs for a coal-heaver bronzed and blackened
And mighty as the elements he handles.

Songs for Italian street-cleaners and factory workers
Listening in souls' ecstasy when Chaliapin, the Russian, sings;
When a Teutonic goddess kisses Latin operas with her voice.

Songs for splendid Jewesses and laughing Irish girls
Playing in harmony "Ring-around-the rosie"
In the muddy field of the class war
And going down together. (How many Christs sleep within
them?)

My tribe, my race, my people,
A valiant throng, unknowing their greatness.
They sleep, sleep while the sun burns high in the skies
And they can never remember themselves.
Only I, out of the millions, scatter roses in their midst
And clear the winds for songs and silence.

—•—
?

Gay girls, shop girls, running to the movies
On the March night-before.
They challenge the wind to rip their laughing frailty
And mock the dark night with their raillery of joy.
Giggling, gaudy, gum-chewing, rouge-lipped
And clad in lace regalia
They whisper in the movies, sending thought-webs
Of kisses in the dark for the cinema hero
Who fades out at 10:30 when the orchestra
Blahs a blatant goodnight. . . .
Straphangers, glad with silliness,
Proud of no rips in their 95-cent silk stockings
Juggle along home. . . .
Gay girls, shop girls,
With sleepy pale lights in their night-before eyes,
With lingering patches of powder-snow on their cheeks,
These girls seriously calculate chances of winning
A fight against a 10 per cent cut in wages.

Home

By EDW. E. ANDERSEN

MAGGIE, oh Maggie! what do you think of this? There is a sign down at one of them employment offices—on First Street—saying that there are men wanted on a railroad out west in Washington? What do you think of it, Maggie, should I go? It is work, you know; and I can't find a thing to do here at home; and I feel that you're getting tired of working out." There was anxiety in John Harris' voice as he spoke to his wife.

Margaret Harris did not answer but stood, plate and dishrag poised in mid-air, looking at her husband with a sorrowful, careworn, questioning look of surprise in her eyes.

"Don't look at me like that, Maggie," pleaded Harris.

"Why shouldn't I, John? Don't you realize what you have just said? Don't you realize what it would mean for me and the kids, for all of us, to have you go away two thousand miles to work? John how dare you harbor such a thought? And here you speak of it as though you expect me to consent to such a proposal. I won't even consider it! What if one of us should get sick or hurt? Ain't it better for all of us to be together if anything like that should happen? And as far as work is concerned: when did I ever complain because you can't find any? I know that you have looked for it hard enough. I am your wife, John, the mother of your children. I have never complained because I had to work out in order to keep house and home together. So you just keep still on that account. I have just done what I consider my duty in that matter, towards you and the children, no more. What do you want to leave for just now that things are commencing to look a little brighter? The children are going to school regularly again; work will soon open up so you can get a job at your old trade, and it won't be long before Sonny will be able to help out; he will be fourteen this coming May. Just think what that will mean, John, with you and Sonny both working—and our little home here! I can't understand how you can even think of going way out there to go to work. You'll find something here pretty soon. John, John!" Margaret buried a sob in the dishpan.

"I don't know how to start reasoning with you, Maggie. I grant that you have said a lot that's true. But, Maggie, I am a man. In me is a man's pride and that pride has been pricked. I feel like a cur living off your hard work—you working your fingers to the bone in other people's washtubs, and me loafing. I have felt that way the whole winter long. No work—and here is spring and still no work in sight. Maggie, it hurts! I also feel kind of cheap every time the children ask me for little spending money and I have none to give them. I feel that I am losing the respect of my own children because I am unable to provide and they have to go to their mother. Maggie, let me go out there and make a

little money so I can come back and make the kids happy, and you happy, by buying all of you the clothes and things so badly needed—and myself happy in doing it and having earned the money that enabled me to do it. Maggie, it is my right as a father—say that I may go. Won't you, now, won't you? It will be but a couple of months and I'll be back again. By that time work may open up here. Two months is not forever. Maggie, say yes, won't you?"

Margaret nodded her assent without looking at John, tears dropping in the dishpan.

"There, there, I knew you would, Maggie! They'll send the men to-morrow afternoon at 4 o'clock. I'll go down the first thing in the morning and get it fixed so I can go. But—it will cost two dollars employment fee."

After some meditation Margaret fished two dollars from her worn little purse.

"Thanks, Maggie, you know I wouldn't take it—only it means a job."

The next morning there was leave-taking. Maggie cried on John's shoulder as he took her in his arms to kiss her "good bye" after the children had left for school. She was late to work that morning.

Ten days later there was a letter from John telling that the job he got was no good, and that he was going to try to get another one in a big construction camp two hundred miles from where he was at present. It was a month before another one came; there was a cheerful note in it, but no money. Margaret suspected that all was not so well with John as it might be.

The summer dragged along with just an occasional letter. The sum of his writings was a terrible indictment of the filth and misery of the western construction camps, and told of his futile travels from camp to camp in order to find a bearable one; there were no good ones. Finally the letters came no more.

The little home settled down to get along without a father. Sonny went to work and his meager check helped to buy the daily provender.

One morning in early summer four years later Mrs. Harris went to Sonny's room to wake him and found his bed untouched, and a small note on the pillow: "Dear Mama, I am on my way to the harvest fields. I have worked inside of the factory so long that I feel that I am entitled to a little vacation out in the fresh air. I'll be back in the fall with lots of money for you and Katherine. Sonny."

With the note held tightly against her breast she started into the void before her, seeing visions, through the mist of her tears, of Sonny being fed to the same inscrutable monster that had swallowed her husband.

Again she was late for work. The second time in four years.

Was Morgan Wrong?

(Continued from Page 15)

generalizations are very dangerous in the science of anthropology, and that each separate case is to be considered by itself as different from all others. Resemblances they admit, with reservation, but they throw their emphasis on the differences.

Now does not this theory of no theory sound familiar? Is it not the scientific offshoot of the pragmatic philosophy which corrodes American intellectual thought? Doesn't it remind one of the present attitude of American bourgeois (and college) economists, who have decided that there is not a law of value?

Protestantism or agnosticism in religion, liberalism in politics, philosophical anarchy in economics, and pragmatism in philosophy are the natural reactions of petty bourgeoisie, faced with the class struggle which they detest, with the Marxian theory of value which they cannot refute and dare not accept, and with the dread of any kind of cold hard logic, since their own position is illogical, and their own class is in danger of finding itself any day without a reason for existence.

Nevertheless, it is the children of the middle classes who go to school and to university in the great

est numbers, and form the human basis of both undergraduate masses and selected faculty.

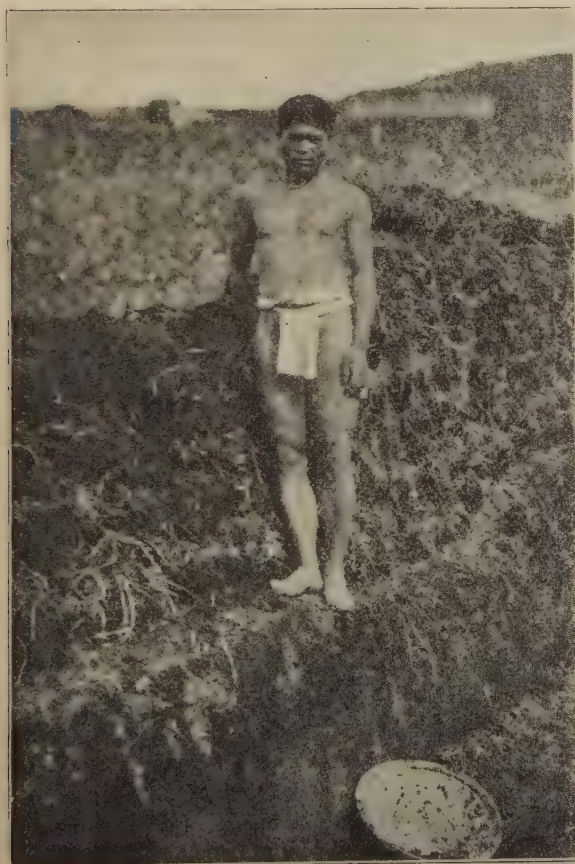
Furthermore, the poor harassed instructor in social sciences, faced with desperately revolutionary theories which, probably, deep down in his heart he suspects are true, is influenced to agree with his petty bourgeois students, probably his own parents, and finds his escape in liberalism, doubt, scepticism, raised to the pitch of pragmatic philosophy. Besides this, as long as he is doubtful, sceptical, pragmatic, anti-Morgan, there is little danger that he will come into conflict with the dark forces of American Big Business, which will not for very long permit any real freedom of thought, if that freedom leads to anti-capitalistic conclusions, of an effective nature, such as are likely to make revolutionists of the students.

I do not mean in any way to imply that Boas, Goldenweiser, or Lowie are bought. That is not the way the system works. But they are professional men, immersed in the timid, doubtful faculties of American universities inhabited by cautious and fearful petty bourgeoisie. How can they escape contagion? When the road to personal progress is through doubt, good manners, and destructive attacks on dangerous doctrines, will it not automatically result that those investigators who are for some reason predisposed to see what their superiors desire to have discovered, are given preference, and take authority, and thereafter guide the next generation along the same road? We see on the horizon the advance guard of a whole army of "new school" agitators, none of whom can as yet be compared in ability to the trinity of Columbia.

Betrayed by Their Own Sincerity

The fact that these three men are in their own way, and to the best of their belief, honest investigators, leads them to make some curious confessions, very significant confessions for us.

Thus Goldenweiser in his youth was much more vigorously anti-Morgan than he is now. For instance, we find him saying in one of his later works: "From an examination of all such tribes (as the Australian Kamilaroi)—and their number is large—one might derive the impression that the alleged universality of clan or gentile exogamy represents but another superannuated dogma, that clans and gentes, while exogamous in many instances, have in others no connection whatsoever with matrimony. This conclusion would be erroneous." And then in a note on this passage Goldenweiser says: "An attitude such as this could easily be derived from a perusal of the section on exogamy of my 'Totemism, An Analytical Study' (*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, 1910). While characterized by an enthusiasm born of a successful destructive analysis, my attitude at the time suffered from the neglect of a broader historico-



ONE OF THE "WILD MEN"

geographical standpoint." (*Early Civilizations*, pages 249-250.) The relevance of this quotation will be understood immediately by the reader who pauses a moment to think that Morgan's system lays great stress on the matrimonial aspect of gentile society, and that Goldenweiser acknowledges a high degree of enthusiasm in his assault on this theory, so great an enthusiasm that he fell into an error, which he now honestly admits. Probably there is here a greater error even than that which he now recognizes. At any rate, we believe we can point out in the same book another significant error of Goldenweiser's almost ludicrous in its simplicity. Morgan, you remember, had a plan by which humanity advanced materially from bronze implements to those of iron, the use of iron marking the change from what he called the middle stage of barbarism to the upper stage of barbarism. True, Morgan laid little stress on the use of bronze, which does not even appear in his table of the stages of material culture (*Ancient Society*, Kerr, page 12), and other qualifications are given there for a people in the middle period of barbarism. But farther on in the text, Morgan several times mentions that bronze closely precedes the use of iron. Morganites in Europe, unfortunately, exaggerated this precedence, and this opens the way for the following terrific punch, delivered at "evolutionists" in general (including Morgan, of course) by Goldenweiser: "In material culture, the evolutionist, basing his conclusions upon the archaeological reconstruction of European prehistory, posited the three stages: stone, bronze, and iron. But in the only other culture area where the use of iron was known, namely, that of Negro Africa, the stage of iron followed directly upon that of stone, omitting the bronze stage." (Goldenweiser, *Early Civilization*, Knopf, page 25).

"Anthropologically Near-Sighted"

Well, perhaps the evolutionist is wrong, and perhaps not. We shall have something to say yet about this matter of iron in Negro Africa. But one thing is certain. Goldenweiser's zeal in the destruction of the evolutionists has led him to overlook something himself, that little thing being none other than the continent of Asia, which must be called a whole congeries of culture areas, all the largest of which advanced from the use of bronze to that of iron. This just shows you what preoccupation with destructive criticisms, and pride in new theories will do to an ordinarily careful man.

To this set of self-betrays, we must add Lowie's charmingly frank little statement from page 91 of his *Culture and Ethnology*. (On this and preceding pages he has been arguing against evolutionary doctrines):



BUILDING A CHURCH FOR "CIVILIZED" CEREMONIALS

"That certain tendencies of all but universal occurrence are characteristic of culture (such tendencies as the universal belief in an animated nature, which he has previously mentioned.—V. S.) no fair observer can deny, and it is the manifest business of ethnology to ascertain all such regularities." Lowie seems not in this case to be speaking of the mere groupings of Goldenweiser, but almost to be thinking of the stages in culture of the evolutionists, for he continues farther on (page 92): "Recently I completed an investigation of Plains Indians societies begun on the most rigorous of historical principles, with a distinct bias in favor of the unique character of cultural data. But after smiting hip and thigh the assumption that North American societies were akin to analogous institutions in Africa and elsewhere, I came face to face with the fact that after all, among the Plains Indians, as among other tribes, the tendency of age mates to flock together had formed social organizations and thus acted as a cultural determinant."

This is a very Morgan-like conclusion, of a universal factor working in all tribes of a similar material culture to form similar social organizations in them all. In this case, Lowie recognizes the fact that he was biased against any such ideas. May we not, with a fair degree of justice, suppose that he is biased in other cases in the same way, and that, because he has not recognized the bias there, his observations and judgments have been warped?

SECTION III. THE NEW SCHOOL THEORY.

Of course, as explained above, it may be that the world, and have bit by bit learned to tone down theory of the "American School" of anthropology is their statements, and even, as we have seen, to make losing its definiteness. Apparently these men start-concessions and admissions of failure.

ed out young and fresh, with intent to sweep the However, there is still enough content left to the

Columbia school of anthropological theory to make it worth considering. Starting out by declaring that general theories of culture are impossible and untrue, it seems to have been modified by common consent until it appears to be about like this now:

1. NEGATIVE ASPECTS.

There is no universal type of progress. Each cultural field is subject to "laws" of its own, due, it appears, to chance inventions and fortuitous borrowings from neighbors.

There is no group marriage worth mentioning.

There is no evidence of a primitive state of sexual promiscuity.

The clan or gens is not universal; when it does appear its functions differ widely.

Social organization has no connection with the degree of material culture, highly developed states and elaborate ceremonial appearing among very primitive people, while the opposite may be true of people with a much greater material development.

There is no universal progress from hunting to pastoral to agricultural life.

There is no universal progress at all, deterioration being an ever present possibility, and in some cases an actual fact.

There is little relation between progress and environment.

Race has very little to do with progress.

2. POSITIVE ASPECTS.

Every people, every tribe or village even, develops or retrogrades due to definite, usually ascertainable, local or historical conditions.

Whether through contact or parallel development, certain large areas have some similarity of tools, or social life, or general culture, and sometimes, for smaller areas, all these may be co-ordinated. Thus it is proper to speak of the Negro African field, which divides into the Kalihari Desert field, the Soudan, the southeastern grass lands, etc. The more detail is insisted upon, the narrower becomes each field, and the more subdivisions have to be introduced. Especially, every people is unique, and cannot be classed with others, though it may superficially resemble them.

The family, of parents and children, is universal, having existed from the most primitive times down to the present.

Religion is universal.

Social organization, groups larger than the children with their parents, is universal.

Private and community property are both universal even among the most primitive peoples.

Art is universal.

War is universal.

One race is as good as another, potentially.

* * *

The Triumvirate Speak

To make clear this outline, a few quotations might be given. Thus, Lowie says:

"*A priori*, it is conceivable that an undisturbed culture might necessarily develop by what biologists

call orthogenetic evolution, i. e., in a definite direction through different stages, which is indeed what is commonly known as the classical scheme of cultural evolution, of which men like Morgan are the protagonists. Now, how do the observed facts square with this theoretical possibility?

"As Prof. Boas and American ethnologists generally have maintained, many facts are quite inconsistent with the theory of unilinear evolution. That theory can be tested very simply by comparing the sequence of events in two or more areas in which independent development has taken place. For example, has technology in Africa followed the lines ascertained for ancient Europe? We know that it has not. Though unlike southern Scandinavia, the dark continent is not lacking in copper deposits, the African stone age was not superseded by a copper age, but directly by a period of iron. Similarly, I have already pointed out that the possession of the same domesticated animals does not produce the same economic utilization of them. While the Tungus (a central Asian tribe) rides his reindeer, Siberians harness their animals to a sledge; the Chinaman will not milk his cattle, while the Zulus' diet consists largely of milk. That the particular innovation occurred at a given time and place is, of course, no less the result of definite causes than any other phenomenon of the universe. But often it seems to have been caused by an accidental complex of conditions rather than in accordance with some fixed principle." (*Primitive Culture*, McMurtrie, New York, page 81.)

Then we have Goldenweiser: "In the final analysis, what we have found is this: every local civilization is in certain respects like all civilizations, in certain others, like all primitive civilizations; then it is like the civilizations of certain very large geographical areas, continental in their sweep; it is further like the civilization of a more restricted area; and finally it is like unto itself, in certain local peculiarities, individual and unique. Can anything be said in explanation of this curious situation?" (*Early Civilization*, page 123.)

To get an idea of what Goldenweiser is thinking about, we may take the following extracts from the same book (pages 115-128):

"Five examples of early civilizations have been passed in review (Eskimo, Tlingit and Haida, Iroquois, Baganda, Arunta, and allied tribes). . . In these five primitive communities we encounter all of the aspects that characterize human civilization, including our own. Religion, art, social and political organization, industries, economic pursuits and ideals, all of these elements are represented. . . it must be recognized that common humanity, not only in matters psychological but also in civilization, is revealed in all of the cases here analyzed.

"Another set of traits which claim our attention are peculiar to the five tribes insofar as they are primitive. . . with the exception of the African Baganda, the local units comprised in the test tribes are small. . . . These local groups are relatively



TYPES OF BONTOC TRIBE STUDIED BY MORGAN

isolated. . . . And the result of this is that the local cultures are relatively peculiar unto themselves, much more individual and specialized than is the case later in history . . . written language is unknown.

"Further, the five groups represent characteristic folk civilizations, meaning by this that the cultural traits of each group, in the form of knowledge, attitudes and functions, are much more evenly distributed among the individual members of the group than is ever the case in modern society.

" the individual is nowhere so free from social pressure and public opinion, from the rule and custom of the group, as to figure as a conspicuous unit in civilizational growth.

" Knowledge remains unsystematized there is no science.

"There are traits in each which are not only human and primitive, but characteristic of certain wide geographic areas. Thus the tribes of America, though differing from each other in scores of cultural peculiarities, are fundamentally alike in others.

"Thus, in no one of the three test tribes (of America) is there any domestication of animals, with the exception of the dog. . . . Then there is the limitation of the power of the chief, a characteristic trait of North America.

"Then there is the cult of the guardian spirit—

" it is typical of North American industry that in each of the major areas, some one, or at

least a very small number of industries are highly developed, while others are neglected or absent. . . the Southwest, with its basketry, pottery, weaving, architecture, and mosaic work, stands out as a conspicuous exception.

" there are still other traits which further particularize the civilizations of these tribes. In North America, the Tlingit and Haida are differentiated from the Eskimo and Iroquois by a whole series of cultural peculiarities. The potlatch, the prominence of rank in all matters social and ceremonial, three social classes—nobles, commoners and slaves—great elaboration of woodwork, and with it a distinctive art born within the wood industry, all of these traits are known to ethnologists as characteristic Northwest Coast features.

"Similarly, among the Iroquois, there is the high development of bark work, the plant patterns in embroidery, the high position in economics, society, politics and ceremonialism, and finally, the League itself."

The Parthian Shot

Now, just to have all three of the Columbia school on record, we must quote from Franz Boas, briefly: "It (the evolutionary viewpoint, Morgan's system) seems to involve a certain correlation between industrial development and social development, and therefore a definite sequence of inventions as well as of forms of organization and belief."

Fair enough, says the evolutionist. But Boas is none of these, and proceeds to criticize at length, too great length for us to do more than to point out one objection of his. It will be recollected that Morgan used the invention of pottery to mark the change from upper savagery to lower barbarism. Well, Boas says that large areas of the world's people got quite well advanced without the use of pottery, among them these same Tlingit and Haida Northwest Coast Indians, with their nobles, commoners, and slaves. Also the South Africans (yellow peoples of the desert), Australians, Northeastern Siberians, and a few others have no pottery, though some of them, Boas thinks, are far enough advanced to have broken through the Morgan classification in which people without pottery should remain. Boas says: "Its (pottery's) presence seems to be due more to geographical location than to general cultural causes." (*Mind of Primitive Man*, chapter VII.) Neither does he think it always developed from basketry, as Morgan suggests (but does not insist upon.—V. S.)

This is enough to show the substantial agreement between the three musketeers who would make up the firing squad, at the scientific execution of our old friend Morgan. Next we must consider how well their theories hold water, and what effect the facts they have discovered actually have on Morgan's system.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE MAY ISSUE)

Labor and the American Empire

By ROBERT WHITAKER

II.

ON MY desk beside me as I write this article are two labor papers. They are weeklies, of the ordinary eight-page type. Both are published in Los Angeles. One is in its nineteenth, the other in its second volume. The older paper, quite significantly, bears the title of *THE CITIZEN*, and for a sub-title the words, "Labor's Official Paper". The other paper is "The Southern California LABOR PRESS," the words, "LABOR PRESS" being larger, as I have written them here, and on a line by themselves. Underneath is the claim, "The paper with the Circulation." On either side of the main title, "LABOR PRESS," is a picture, to the left a steel structure, with half the girders yet uncovered, to the right a towering oil derrick, with others in the background.

Whatever circulation either or both of these papers may have, their combined circulation is very much less than the full labor strength of this city and section. They speak for "organized labor," and organized labor is but a small proportion of the total labor force in any American community. And what passes for organized labor does not by any means include all to whom the title belongs. The Communists, the Socialists, the I. W. W. are all organized here, and include considerable labor following all told, and these papers do not so much as claim to speak for them. Also the "hoboes" are organized, but can hardly claim to be included within the circulation or representation of these weeklies, except as organized labor is concerned in the general problem of the unemployed. At the most, whether official or unofficial, the two regular labor papers of Los Angeles speak, as do the labor papers everywhere in the United States, for only a portion of the working people who are the industrial army of the country.

Their limited circulation is, however, not the most important limitation which they have. The larger limitation is their attitude toward labor itself. Labor is to them incidental to the idea that the workingman is a "citizen" and an "American" before he is a labor man. The geographical is more prominent in their thinking than is the industrial. It is **where the workingman lives**, not the fact that he **is a workingman** which primarily concerns them. And as Americans, therefore, they are more interested in the American city, the American state, the American nation, and finally in the American empire than they are in the status of the working people of the world as such.

It is not so with the man of business today. He is interested in making money, and this is everywhere his dominant concern. His business may be so limited that he may concern himself very little with that which lies outside of his own community.

Here in Los Angeles are business men who hardly see any other community from year's end to year's end, except as they may take a motor trip to some neighboring town or city over a Sunday or on a very brief vacation trip. Their homes are here, their stores or shops are here, and here they find the wholesalers from whom they buy, or are visited by the traveling salesmen who represent outside wholesalers. Money making for them is a much localized affair.

Beyond these are business men whose field is the state, or the nation, and in increasing numbers we have today the business men whose field is the world. These international business men it is who are working now, quite ineffectively as yet, for some kind of international understanding which will assure them of uninterrupted avenues for commerce within the larger area where they deal. Some would have America compel this peace by force. Some would have America align herself with England, and perhaps others of "the superior nations" for a "League of Nations" or a "World Court," under which the "policing of the world" can be carried on. Some want such a confederation of all nations as would be fairly reproductive in the world field of our own union of states in the national field. But in all instances the business man is interested in social organization **as a business man, and for the purpose of making it easier to make money and control it.** His empire, whatever name it may take, though it be merely the booster's boosting for his own city, or a Californian's contention against Japan, or the jingo passion for "America first," his empire is always **the empire of finance.** His geographical interests are never superior to his economic interests, but are always subordinate to them. **It is the opportunity to exploit labor more effectively which underlies all the policies of the owning class.** If the business man does not want recognition of Russia, for instance, it is because his exploiting operations are so limited that he has no sense of Russia's relation to enlarged opportunity for himself or his immediate associates. If he does want the recognition of Russia it is not that he abhors Bolshevism any the less but that he needs, in his larger field of exploitation, to come to some understanding with Bolshevism so as to keep his raw materials and his marketable goods moving. But where he sees profit there he follows, for his star of empire is neither eastward nor westward but always where the best promise of profit abides.

Up to this hour the American business man could well afford to be a nationalist, for there was abundant opportunity within the national realm or **under the movement of the national flag** to carry on his exploitation of labor. The saying that "trade follows the flag" is a reversal of the fact. It is much

more accurate to say that "the flag follows the swag." And as long as the flag is strong enough to protect the swag we can afford to be nationalists. But when the swag is gathered on a great international scale, and the force behind the flag is not strong enough to guarantee that profits will be protected, then it is time for the big business man to lead the business world in some kind of world organization which will secure him in holding and enlarging his loot. That is why the movement for world peace is strongest where international holdings are largest in America just now, and why the investing bankers, whose field of investment is international, are more inclined to world order than are the manufacturing classes who are as yet more distinctly American in their interests. Also the churches are swinging into line with the movement for world peace more emphatically where they are most under the guidance of the big men of finance. Just as American Big Business put the saloon out of the running, leaving bootlegging to provide for the rich boozier who can afford it, so Big Business in America today is going to put war out of business, if the makers of munitions and warships can be so controlled as to make the program practicable. **But this anti-war movement at the heart of it comes from no abhorrence of war but from the necessity for world peace in the interests of international exploitation.**

The American workingman is being used as the tool of this process. He is to be kept a nationalist to the point where nationalism can serve the interests of profit, and those who believe that **Uncle Sam should go it alone in providing his own international insurance by building up a militarism powerful enough to boss the whole world** are for unlimited nationalism on the part of the workingman. Those who think that some sort of alliance among the Big Fellows, that is, the Big Nations, is indispensable, are willing that the workingman shall support the League of Nations. But in either case the workingman is to be kept loyal to whatever slogans his industrial masters may accept as in the line of maintaining and increasing their exploitation of the earth.

Meanwhile we are seeing within America the operation of a process not unlike that which was carried on in the imperial city on the Tiber two thousand years ago. The workingmen of Rome, as the owning class of that robber city spread their nets all over the Mediterranean world, were made allies in this exploitation, to the extent of being given "bread and circuses" as long as they consented to the program. Their masters said, in substance, "Be good, and lend a hand while we loot the world, and you shall have the odds and ends of our pickings." When they were not "good," the workingmen of Rome were thrown to the lions in the arena or crucified by thousands at a time.

The United States today is the supreme "robber city" of the world. The loot of the nations is coming here, as it never came to any nation in the whole experience of man. So we are shutting our gates against the foreigners, **that our favored class of workers may not grow too large for the "petting" that is theirs.** Bread and circuses are being given to us beyond anything of which the Romans dreamed. Movies, radios, Ford cars, newspaper sensationalism, all these are depended upon to keep our workingmen content while they are being used to pile up a surplus with which the American plunderbund can enslave the labor of the world. Why bring the workers of Europe here when we can put a whole nation into bondage by a Dawes plan? Is it not far better to lend money to the masters of France, and let them work their slaves at home for the tribute which Wall Street exacts wherever its lendings go than it is to have the Frenchmen here? And will not the American workingman be glad enough to sit on the back of the world, if only his own master class will give him the chance to act as slave driver at a fair return?

All the indications are that he will, if the program can be carried on. But whether it can be continued so that the slave-drivers, willing enough to sell themselves out to the slave-owners, shall be kept comfortable and secure in their ascendancy, is another matter. Concerning this I may have something further to say.

The May Day Industrial Pioneer

Send in your orders early for this greatest issue of the best monthly magazine in the English language devoted to the propagation of revolutionary industrial unionism.

The May number will be a powerfully inspiring force to revolutionary labor seeking working class international solidarity under the red banner and the fighting spirit of the I. W. W. The best is not too good for the working class, and our contributors throughout the world are bending their finest efforts to make the May Day edition unexcelled anywhere, or at any time.

ORDER WITHOUT DELAY.

The Crime Situation in the U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 8)

in juvenile crime. They prepare the soil, but they do not provide the seed.

The seed of juvenile criminality is to be found in the capitalistic propaganda of our school system. The master controls the state, and, through the state, the school, and he uses the school, as he uses all the connective institutions of society, papers, churches, courts and saloons, incidentally to fulfil their primary task but primarily to uphold his economic rule.

Training Thieves By "Higher Learning"

In the schools, he causes to be taught the poker morality and that distorted form of pragmatism which William James called the "worship of the bitch-goddess success," and which is fast becoming the national philosophy of the United States. The youth of the land is thus consciously trained to respect the possession of money regardless of the source of that money.

Of all the periods of human life, boyhood is the most individualistic. The boy lacks the restraint which the adult derives from his contact with the material side of life. The most delicate part of the training of boys is to create in them a social view of life without repressing their instinctive desires by methods so harsh that those desires will flare up dangerously in later life on account of that very repression.

The boy is self-centered, he is not especially mindful of the welfare of others, and to that boy the school teaches belated individualism entirely out of harmony with the realities of economic life. In its clumsily stupid way, the master class teaches him a false class morality with the purpose of defending the institution of private property and when the boy goes to the logical extreme of such a teaching and, incidentally, begins to take liberties with the private property of the master class, the latter wonders at the unexpected results of a training which it has itself devised and planned.

Subtlety of Crime Trade

In a general way, the development of modern commercialism has been responsible for a great increase in the number of crimes based on violations of trust and the inordinate desire for rapid gain. Crime has become more subtle and refined and the temptations of occupation have increased. It is in connection with these features that we come upon the third special characteristic of American criminality, viz.: the prevalence of simulated or faked crime. Crime in Europe is generally an outside job. It is a frontal attack upon the existing property system, often childish in plan and execution but open and bold. In America, on the contrary, the inside job tends to prevail.

The American detective, when given a case, looks immediately towards the insiders, the European detective looks on the outside.

Nearly all the thefts of goods in course of transportation which, by the way, cost the shippers and carriers an average of five hundred million dollars a year, are inside jobs. For robberies of goods from railroad trains, the migratory worker is generally blamed, but the railroad detective, assuming that he be honest, prefers to look for the guilty parties amongst the members of the train crew.

Many a paymaster who is held up by a gang of footpads, had the whole performance rehearsed beforehand under his own direction.

In the inside job, the robbery is generally conceived by an employe who takes advantage of his position. There are even instances where the robbed party himself takes part in the robbery, as in the case of over-insured automobiles stolen by thieves working in collusion with the owners, the thief selling the car for what he can get and the owner receiving the exaggerated price put on the car from the insurance company. This form of automobile stealing constitutes no small proportion of the total number of automobile thefts.

Where The Cops Fit In

From the inside job there is only one small step, and a logical one, to the element of police complicity in crime which constitutes the fourth distinctive character of American criminality.

Many bourgeois writers on criminology claim that the police and the judges are too lenient with crime but hardly any of them take the trouble to investigate the cause of such a leniency. Historically and theoretically the police are supposed to prevent and to repress crime. This however is mere theory. As the class consciousness of the industrial proletariat grows, the master class finds itself more distinctly threatened in its privileges and entrusts the police with the task of restraining the socially discordant elements.

Ten years ago, a policeman took the trouble to pick a quarrel or to dig up some flimsy pretext before hitting a striker; today these formalities are dispensed with, he hits him at once because he is a striker and as such in revolt against the economic system which the police are there to protect.

In ancient Carthage, the ruling class understood the power of the police arm and it manned the police force with its own sons. Under the wage system, the capitalist hires one gang of wage workers to suppress the protests of another gang.

The man who hires out as a policeman, does not do so by conviction or through a feeling of admiration for the beauties of the capitalistic system. He joins the force because it is the line of least resistance according to his way of thinking. He knows the nature of the work in store for him, he knows that the conscious worker despises him but he thinks that it is an easy living and that, occasionally, he may be able to start some side line job on his own

account and to avert suspicion by draping himself in the supposed dignity of his office since there is kept alive by capitalistic necessity the fiction that the police, like Caesar's wife, must never be suspected. For, through the very nature of their function, police are the most powerfully organized body of civil employees in the country.

In time of strike the police are supposed to recruit both strikebreakers and private detectives for the protection of capitalistic property. This they can not do unless they have those individuals ready at hand and they cannot have them at their command unless they supply them with means of livelihood when they are not wanted in action. Here we have the first elements of collusion between the police and the criminal population. The police guarantee immunity and in return share in the loot. Instead of harrying the criminal, the police have come to terms with him.

Under such conditions increase of police forces can have no checking influence upon the spread of crime.

"Getting Away With It"

It is interesting to trace the economic foundation of certain so-called reforms from this angle. Organized crime protected by police collusion cost one life insurance company in one year \$724,000. Having been compelled to pay that amount in 1923, the Metropolitan investigated. It found that only one criminal for every 146 crimes paid the death penalty. Of those crimes, thirty-two were held justifiable. For the 114 cases left, there were only 69 indictments. Over one-third of the assailants were never arrested. The 69 indictments led to 11 no-trial cases and 58 trials. The latter resulted in 16 acquittals and forty-two convictions. Of the 42 convicted persons, 35 went to the penitentiary and the balance got out through an appeal. So that, in the last analysis, 35 murderers out of 146 are actually punished. No wonder then that, in the country as a whole, there are admitted to be 135,000 criminals at large.

Radical Opposition

The master class knows that it is liable to want them at any time although occasionally some particular interest, hit to the extent of the Metropolitan Insurance Company, may suggest that state police would be just as efficient against strikers and perhaps a little more efficient against murderers.

In summing up this inquiry into the nature and causes of crime in the United States under the capitalistic system, I want to emphasize first of all the social origin of crime. It is the worst defect in society, openly abnormal or unsocial. The criminal is both ignorant and a coward. His ignorance along economic and social lines leads him to react as an individual where he should react with his class. He thus becomes a deliberate enemy to the welfare

of the workers because he openly attacks the fundamental principle of social life. He is non-social and, hence, an enemy to socialization. He destroys the person with whom he should co-operate, takes without giving and tries to live off the toil of others like the master class which he imitates.

Our educational system has, so far, had no influence on criminality. We have not outgrown the old idea of education which held for its purpose the elevation of one class above another. We have only modified it to suit present day industrial conditions. We still have a type of education which prepares a man for a life without work while the education of the mass is entirely limited by the desire for efficiency under conditions of capitalistic management.

College men provide as many criminals as their less educated fellow citizens. Lawyers lead all college men in the number of prison records. Educated men, as a rule, serve only one term. Uneducated men go back repeatedly. Usually college men keep out of prison till the age of forty. This situation is very easily explained. At that age they begin to realize that their subservience to the master class has not given them any kind of economic security and they take a long chance to protect their impending old age.

Educated Religious Criminals

Ninety-eight per cent of all educated criminals are church members.

The social origin of crime is further proved by a classification in the crime world which follows exactly the division of society in classes along economic lines.

The underworld of crime has its own upper, middle and lower class. It also knows the value of organization. To the expert criminal the fellow who works single-handed looks a good deal like a small business man to a Wobbly. He is a would-be and has not a ghost of a chance to get away with it. The experienced criminal is organized, retains his lawyer by the year, just as a corporation, and has a respectable standing with the police and the politicians.

The crime situation forcibly reminds us of the startling conclusion with which the French novelist Zola winds up his great work "Nana". Capitalistic society is a dunghill, it is in a state of putrefaction, but out of this rottenness springs forth the disease-carrying fly with the golden body and the iridescent wings. In its flutterings it is just as liable to alight in the hovel of the slave as in the mansion of the master.

Whatever be the motive behind the criminal, the incidence of crime upon the master class is a good deal of a retribution for those who benefit by our social system.



Drifting to Peonage in California

By CALIFORNIA PUBLICITY MAN

"THE LAND QUESTION MEANS HUNGER, THIRST, NAKEDNESS, NOTICE TO QUIT, LABOR SPENT IN VAIN, THE TOIL OF YEARS SEIZED UPON, THE BREAKING UP OF HOMES; THE MISERY, SICKNESS, DEATHS OF PARENTS, CHILDREN, WIVES; THE DESPAIR AND WILDNESS WHICH SPRING UP IN THE HEARTS OF THE POOR, WHEN LEGAL FORCE, LIKE A SHARP HARROW, GOES OVER THE MOST SENSITIVE AND VITAL RIGHTS OF MANKIND. ALL THIS IS CONTAINED IN THE LAND QUESTION."

—Cardinal Manning.

IN THE above quotation we have an epitome of the struggles and toil, privation and misery endured by the "sons of the soil." The devout prelate understood the position of the farmers in present day society. But even he did not understand the full significance of the tragedy of a farmer's life.

In California, one of the richest, if not the richest state in the Union, we see the glaring injustice of our economic system in relation to those who fill the bread basket of the world. We boast of the wealth of the Golden State. We send out literature portraying the wonderful opportunities afforded all persons who wish to become farmers in the rich agricultural belts of California. But we only paint one side of the picture, and like the "Vision of Mirza" in Joseph Addison's beautiful allegory, we leave the terrible side in darkness.

The Sacramento Valley is indeed rich. Its soil is fecund, its climate suitable to agriculture and horticulture. One would think that anybody fortunate enough to own land in this enchanted valley could not help becoming wealthy. And indeed, wealth in abundance is produced in Sacramento county. Los Angeles alone, of all the counties in California, leads her in the production of wealth. And yet—

The Ghost at the Feast

There is a spectre that haunts the farmers of this wonderful valley. Scarcely any one of them is free from the dread menace of losing his farm. No matter how long they have lived on their farms; no matter how many improvements they have put on the place; if they cannot meet the payments on the mortgage they are forced to relinquish the homestead, and depart to become wanderers. A mortgage is an ever-present spectre, haunting the lives of the men who have made "Superior California" what it is.

A Few Statistics

It has been said that statistics are dry reading, and yet they are sometimes necessary to make clear our position. We will be as brief as possible.

The United States Census Report for 1920 states that California is the fourth state in the amount of farm mortgages. This is accounted for by the fact of so many persons falling into the snare of unscrupulous land sharks. The poor, unwary farmers of the Middle West read the luring advertising, telling of the wonderful opportunities in the Golden State, and come to California, here to become serfs of the soil. The report shows that 50.4 per cent of the farms operated by owners in California are mortgaged and that the average mortgage is in excess of thirty per cent of the total value of the

property. It also states that 35.6 per cent of the farms of California are operated by tenants. This makes a total of 86 per cent of the farms in California that are encumbered or rented. In other words only 14 per cent of the farms are free of debt. This is in the richest state in the Union.

In Sacramento county the percentage of mortgaged farms is larger than in the state as a whole. The report shows that in 1910 forty per cent of the farms in Sacramento county were mortgaged. In 1920 the amount of mortgages had increased to 54.1 per cent, while the number of tenants had grown from 21 per cent to 35.3 per cent. In ten years the number of mortgages had increased 14.1 per cent and the number of renters had increased 14.2 per cent. And this in a decade of great national and state prosperity. Despite the European war the amount of mortgages has rapidly increased. This report does not include chattel mortgages or mortgages on personal property, but only real estate mortgages. We find, according to the report, that less than 11 per cent of the farmers in Sacramento county own their own land. This is a strong indictment of our economic system, when only ten per cent of our farmers, who have toiled early and late, can call themselves independent. There must be something wrong.

The enemies of the Industrial Workers of the World are fond of saying that if the I. W. W. ever assumed control of industry they would immediately expropriate the farmer. This is ridiculous. The farmers are now expropriated by bankers holding mortgages on the land.

Whither Are We Going?

The number of mortgaged farms is rapidly increasing in California. In Sacramento county the number is increasing faster than elsewhere. It is

not the fault of the farmers. They are not indolent or shiftless as a class. They are industrious and hard-working. Yet, we find that they are unable to make ends meet. Every day we read of farmers in the rich valley being dispossessed because they cannot pay their taxes. The situation is serious. The farmers are not to blame. And surely the I. W. W. is not to blame for this situation. Even the editor of the Sacramento Bee would hardly dare to lay the blame on the I. W. W. Long before the I. W. W. came into existence the farmers were faced with the problem of economic insecurity. We must look elsewhere to find the cause.

The Workers and the Drones

To anyone who has studied economics the cause is easily found. There are two classes in society, the working class and the shirking class. The farmers and wage workers produce the wealth, and the shirkers steal it. This is plain language, but it is meant to be plain. The master class produce no wealth. They add nothing to the value of any commodity produced. The workers—including the farmers—produce all wealth. This is proven by the fact that when the workers take their hands from the wheels of industry, wealth production ceases. If the workers do not produce all wealth, how else is it produced? The wish of a capitalist can not produce wealth. If it could we would have no need for workers. **But the capitalists have stolen the industries from the workers, and arrogate unto themselves four-fifths of the wealth produced.** These are government statistics, and cannot be denied.

The Tragedy of It All

Here in California, as in all lands, and in all ages, we find that those who love truth are vilified and persecuted. Because some know the solution to the problems that confront society they are persecuted, imprisoned, mobbed. Eighty-eight men are in the "Twin Hells" because they desired social redemption rather than individual gain. Maurice Hewlett in "Open Country" pays a glowing tribute to the restless souls of all ages that aptly describes the men in San Quentin and Folsom who went singing to prison in behalf of Labor:

The Way of the World

"It is doubtless necessary that there should be frequent crucifixions. It seems to be the way of the world. A man to whom the truth is blazed as clear as noon goes into the streets filled to the lips with his revelation. Smug citizens avoid him, put up their shutters, and lock their doors; dogs bark at his heels; the ribald gather, one throws a stone.

"Then comes the storm upon him in which he falls, battered, bleeding, with glazed eyes. There's an end to the blasphemer who dared to question established order, who says that use and wont are not sacred at all, but hoary in iniquity.

"Having slain him, they learn that he was a god, and his revelation a law of nature. Up goes a statue, and his words are read as gospel. That's how we get on in this quaint world, climbing to the stars on the heaped bodies of our heroes and sages."

How true are the words of this earnest writer. It has been the same throughout the ages and will continue until we have learned the great lesson of working class solidarity. It seems as if we must learn by persecution, misery, poverty and exploitation. No other way has yet been shown us whereby we can emancipate ourselves. The road to liberty goes through the prison gate.

The Prison

"And I looked again, and I saw in the jail those deliverers who in each age have saved the world from itself and set it free, and gyves were on their wrists and ankles.

"Woe to the cause that hath not passed through a prison.

"And I saw within the jail them that gave liberty to the slave, and them that unbounded the mind of man, and them that led onward to Freedom and Justice and Love.

"Woe to the cause that hath not passed through a prison."

Back of the terrible persecution of Union men in California is the same group of pirates who have enslaved the farmers of Sacramento county. The cause of the men in prison and awaiting trial under the Criminal Syndicalism law, is your cause. Their fight is also yours.

For information write to the California Branch of the General Defense Committee, 226 Russ Building, San Francisco, California.

Announcement

The MAY DAY NUMBER Of INDUSTRIAL PIONEER,

true to the traditions of international revolutionary labor, is going to be the greatest issue we have ever published. Among the special features contributed by the best writers, artists and poets of our movement, a number of excellent book reviews will appear.

RALPH CHAPLIN, poet, artist, writer and lecturer, will review Upton Sinclair's great new book, "Mammonart."

J. A. MacDONALD, author of our latest I.W.W. book, "Unemployment and the Machine," is going to tell us what he thinks about a United Press correspondent's volume called "The Re-Forging of Russia."

ROBERT GRAYSON has promised several reviews including, "The Causes of Industrial Unrest," by John Fitch; "Spring Thunder and Other Poems," by Mark Van Doren; "Straws and Prayerbooks," by James Branch Cabell, author of "Jurgen"; and the greatest war story since Barbusse's "Under Fire"—"The Ninth of November," by Bernhard Kellermann.

EX-SENATOR R. F. PETTIGREW of South Dakota, author of "Imperial Washington," has written me indicting what he sees as the tactical blunders of the I. W. W., and he offers suggestions by which he believes we could more successfully advance.

In the May Day Industrial Pioneer his article will be run and my reply to it. This discussion should repay the reader's earnest attention.—EDITOR.

United States Steel

(Continued from Page 5)



BROADWAY ENTRANCE TO THE GARY WALLED STEEL PLANT. (1) General Administration Building. Arrow Points To The Guard House

Wall Street were tied to the merger. Seventy per cent of the iron and steel industry passed under the control of the new corporation at once, with scores of banks, railroads and other corporate enterprises. Later the power was strengthened by assimilating the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company, which had iron ore holdings in the Virginia district.

The Gary Dream Takes Form

This greatest combine in history was capable of gigantic moves, and a glance at the map presented with this article reveals the economic reasons for the greatest constructive undertaking United States Steel ever assumed. We now look to Gary. Not the man, but the city named for him.

Not quite nineteen years ago the site on which the city now stands was a swamp and sand dune waste. The new corporation made a careful survey, weighed every consideration, and decided to assemble there on the south shore of Lake Michigan the world's largest steel plant. This and more. A city was laid out and built. A better situation could not have been chosen. William H. Moore's reasons for the choice are to the point. He said of the site:

"It had the added advantage of the focus supply of the corporation's system of subsidiary mills manufacturing sheet steel, tinplate, bridge and structural iron, wire and wire products in a continuous chain of twenty plants in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin."

Gary is centrally located in the region whose natural resources and manufactures are indispensable to steel making. It is near the Virginia coke ovens, the Illinois coal mines, the limestone of Michigan and the iron ore of the Lakes region. Chicago is only twenty-five

miles away and this metropolis uses a great amount of structural steel. Railroad shipping costs were better by reason of the hub position in the country's industrial wheel. Ore steamers could be unloaded right into the docks on the grounds where the red furnace tongues now hungrily lick the sky.

How many thousands of travelers have been fascinated as their trains sped through the dark past the "steel mills' glare, the streaming, sulphurous light across the night's black dome. Some of these who peer through railroad coach windows long to go nearer this magical aurora borealis of modern industry. So I dropped off a New York Central train at Gary not many days ago for the purpose of going into the steel mills.

Getting Into the Mills

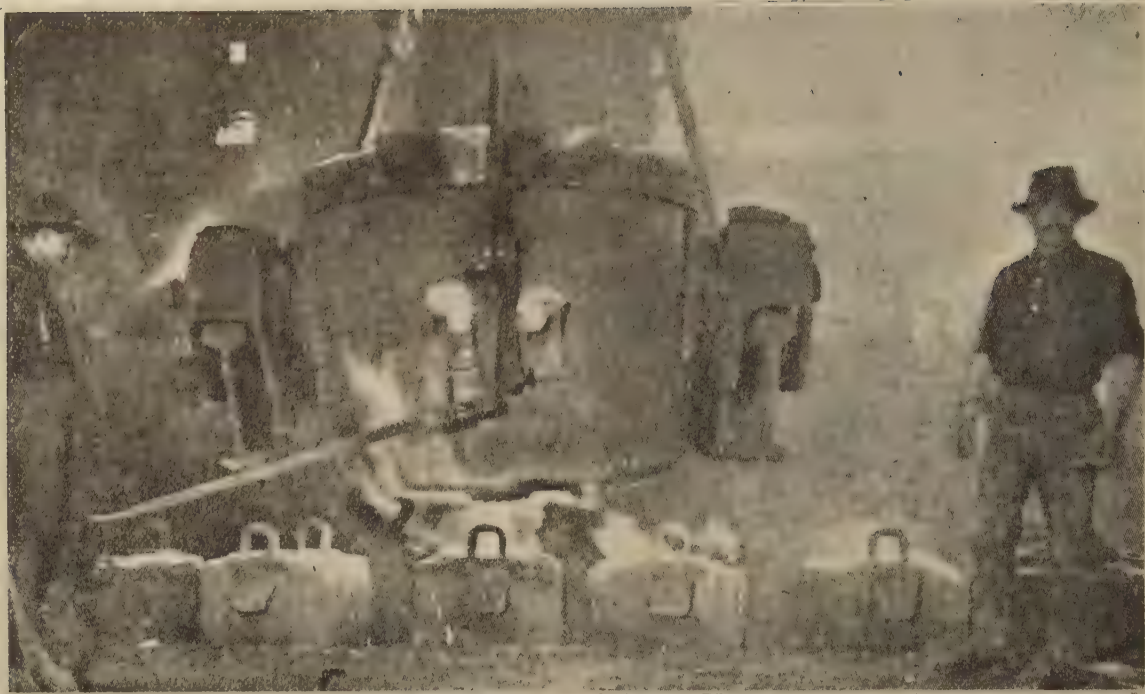
It isn't easy to get in. Guards watch at the entrances to the walled barony that strategically fronts the lake for seven miles. You are supposed to look for a pass in the office. This might be granted, and it might not. Without the pass you somehow mingle with the crowds pouring into the Broadway entrance, pass the uniformed policemen on each side, go through the time-clock sheds. In this manner I found myself safely inside the immense domain where the slaves of 42 nationalities and races—about 20,000 in number—are busily creating in sweated toil, pain, and death—for they are "bumped off" at a fearful rate—the sinews of power for the earth's largest known combination of management and capital.

Racial Slave Compound

Race hatreds outside may go to extremes. Within the walls of Illinois Steel prejudices are cunningly permitted to act as a spur to greater productivity, but dissension threatening to interfere with it is



MOUNTAINS OF ORE AT BLAST FURNACES



POURING STEEL FROM THE PLATFORM

not tolerated. There you will find the native whites and blacks from both the North and South straining themselves in interdependent tasks beside Lithuanians, Italians, Poles, Armenians, Greeks, Russians, Hungarians, Swedes and all the rest. There is welded together in social effort a racial compound upon whose bowed back marches the empire of steel to world domination.

The Greatness of Illinois Steel

Limits of space and my own lack of technical knowledge of steel making prevent me from setting down more than an impressionist view of the Gary plant. Through the vast stretches of this arena one walks hour after hour in yards and mills and past the open hearths. To east and west an endless pile of murky structures. Machine shops, electrical power plants, blast furnaces, coke ovens, and the mills—rail mills, merchant mills, axle mills; then sheet and tinplate plants, structural steel works, pumping stations, car foundries, and the concrete ore docks.

Gauging far into the land a harbor was set. Labor's great hands rudely lifted up the lazy, easy-going Calumet river, skillfully placing it in a new bed. Half a dozen ore steamers can be accommodated simultaneously in the turning basin. These steamers ply between the Lake Superior iron mine ports, through the Sault Ste. Marie canal, and Gary. In a couple of hours they take on their 12,000-ton cargoes of iron ore in Duluth. At the Gary port I watched Hulett unloaders scoop into the holds like giant hands, picking up 15 tons at each grasp. In a few hours an ore steamer is emptied and started on the return trip for another load.

Illinois Steel is a big outfit. That's what you keep thinking as you hike along with far-off stacks dim in the gray distance, while you never seem to find the end. It must be a dangerous place, too, you think, because there are countless red signs posted warning not to come too near; to look out. Across one of these signs a worker had scrawled this improvement on the original legend: "Keep head in, cars cut it off dam queek." Cranes and cars operated everywhere inside the mills and yards. Cranemen direct mechanical arms that pick up and put down twelve, fifteen, twenty tons of rails, pigs, rods, or ingots. Sometimes chains are wrapped around the loads, at other points big, round, flat electric magnets do the job.

Standing back a short distance from the rail mill you see a pitch black aperture. Suddenly a white-hot snake darts out of the dark and lies still. A signal whistle toots and, with a hissing sound, the writhing snake vanishes. Going closer you see rails being drawn and straightened. At another point converters are being filled before the furnaces with liquid metal. The big jib crane runs along to this inferno, its three hooks are fastened to the great "pot" by a man, and up goes the converter.

Falling Into the Steel

Then you see the molten metal poured from these huge vessels into cylindrical containers that are loaded on special trains. When these are stripped the ingots are solid. From above carbon monoxide rises sickeningly. It is fatal to breathe it for more than fifteen minutes. A minute or two of the "gas" and you're dizzy. In the old days, when speeding was rather a new thing, the foreign work-

ers, unused to American industry, often found graves in the lakes of liquid steel below. When one fell in there was no need for a funeral. It was like a drop of water on a red-hot flatiron, an instantaneous annihilating sizzle. This became so common that a priest protested and demanded to be given the steel to bury "in consecrated ground."

There is an intricate system of railroading with trains, ingot-buggies, low cars for pigs, gondolas—drawn by electric and steam locomotives. Paved roads traverse the plant, and many motor trucks whiz by. In the sheet steel mill I watched hydraulic shears cut the flat metal into various lengths. In one of the merchant mills, where the noise is deafening, a white worker observed my attention as he and a negro stacked angle bars after they had been cut. Putting his mouth to my ear he shouted, "By the time the shift's over, you can't tell me from the other nigger."

The Eight-Hour Day

Most of the employees are on an eight-hour basis. Some of the laborers put in ten hours. When business is very good, various departments run twelve hours, the hours over eight receiving straight-time rates. A productive basis in one of the mills—which means paying a bonus for production above a given minimum—is in force. From a few cents to a few dollars a day over the flat day-work rate can be made in most cases. But there are flagrant examples of fraud in this bonus business. One worker told me he had made seven cents a month "extra" for the last three months. The bonus can be arranged to reduce the day-work rates. In one department where the rate is \$4.28 a shift they fix it like this: should even one day of the semi-monthly pay be worked on a productive (tonnage) basis, the entire pay is rated by tons and manipulated so that wages fall below the minimum.

More or less construction work progresses in the plant at all times, and I saw a small army of shovel stiffs boldly silhouetted against the northern horizon. They were filling in an immense depression near the lake. At other points gandy-dancers were fixing the tracks. My exit was made near the Y. M. C. A. Cafeteria and the Corporation Hospital. Here the wall ends, but brass buttons in the sentry box gives everyone a good "looking over." Passing this sentinel the road drops down and curves back to town. An electric trolley runs over this thoroughfare to the tinplate mill. After a short walk a gate is passed through over which runs the legend that it is private property belonging to the Gary Land Company, and no trespassing is allowed.

Social Welfare

The homes at this end of town are clean places, the display kind, but they are depressingly monotonous in good Portland concrete. You see, the steel kings started the world's largest cement plant at Gary's edge, Buffington, and they boost the product. The 144 miles of sidewalk are made uniformly of concrete, too. It is at other points of this city that

the low-paid slaves exist and there are five social welfare houses doing a thriving business trying to keep a lot of them from starving to death.

Gary has a fairly good library with very obliging clerks. The structure was donated by Carnegie, the land by Judge Gary, and the city meets the upkeep. In this building is collected, quite naturally, a large amount of data about the city, the mills and the history of steel. In the Gary Chamber of Commerce survey—so worded as to attract outside capital to the city—much information has been put down by these earnest Babbitts. Therefrom I learned that the mills make their own coke; that the smoke that used to go to the four winds and that settled on Monday morning clothes-lines is cleaned and used to make electricity, so that it runs the mills and supplies all electric power and lights for the city; that two trunk-line railroads were picked up over a distance of ten miles and laid out of the way to build the Illinois Steel plant; and that 90 per cent of the slaves in Gary are males, and employed in the mills. The Chamber of Commerce says that the male slaves make 44 cents an hour. The female 25 cents. It says this, too: "With the exception of the building trades, practically every establishment in Gary operates under the American plan." Cheerio!

Then it gives the scale per hour for building workers in the city—lathers, plumbers, sheet metal workers, and structural iron workers, \$1.50; plasterers, \$1.37½; electricians, carpenters, painters and roofers, \$1.25; hod carriers one dollar, and unskilled laborers 87½ cents.

Note the last element, please. Eighty-seven and one-half cents an hour for ORGANIZED unskilled laborers—44 cents an hour for the UNorganized unskilled laborers in the steel mills. There is but one difference in the two groups—those on building construction have organized their economic power, but the mill slaves still toil without unionism for half the wage.

The Wave of Blacks

Sixteen per cent of the population of Gary is colored, or 12,700 negroes, who are but a small part of the black horde sweeping northward from the vicious sport of Southern whites—lynching. Desperately they fled. Here, then, was material to use against white steel slaves, and in 1919 they were used to break the strike. I was unable to learn how many more blacks came to Gary in the last two years, but observant workers said the number is very large. One thousand Mexicans are in the city, but other plants in the many industrial enterprises near Gary employ a larger number than Illinois Steel. With Negroes present the steel masters feel that they have a force to smash possible strikes. The black men are anxious to get settled in a new territory, and they are accustomed to a lower living standard. They are more tractable than whites, and race hatred may be engendered to cause them to fight their white fellow workers in case of strike or



PENNSYLVANIA STATE COSSACKS DOING THEIR STUFF IN THE 1919 STEEL STRIKE

action leading up to a strike. This is Mr. Gary's strategy today. The native white population in the city is only 23,400, or 30 per cent of the whole. Native whites and blacks constitute less than half of the total population, according to a census secured in December, 1924, and published for the first time in *Industrial Solidarity* as 78,400. With 65 churches in Gary, foreign language schools as well as the vaunted platoon brand, whites and blacks, 43 nationalities, skilled American beneficiaries in the working class getting good wages in the mills, the various employers' associations and the K. K. K. auxiliary, a complicated situation appears when we plan organization. Yet heroic attempts have been made by the different racial groups acting together to free themselves from their misery.

The Great Steel Strike

The 1919 strike was broken, but it had a far-reaching effect for improvement. United States Steel would not capitulate to a defeated rebellion, but afraid of a repetition it sought to bring about the eight-hour shifts, "gracefully," to save its face. In Gary, at least, eight-hour weekly alternating shifts are worked by the majority. An advance has been made. But the purchasing power of wages is less now in the steel industry than it was in 1907, while the work has been speeded up to five times the rate obtaining at that time. The evil effects of this violence are most apparent in the hot metal departments. That would be the logical place to start a drive for industrial unionism.

The first demand of the 1919 conflict that involved 365,600 steel strikers was for the right to bargain collectively. That is still denied, and, of

course, the other demands for a union check-off system and seniority principles were refused. The eight-hour day is not universal and is not recognized on union principle because Gary runs on the American Plan, as do all mills of the corporation. Demand Number 6 was for an "Increase in wages sufficient to guarantee American standard of living." This is still denied the vast majority of the slaves. Number 8 called for double rates of pay for all overtime above eight hours, for holiday and Sunday work. No such rates prevail.

Need for unionism is more urgent now than it was in 1919 because the speed has been accelerated and the living standards lowered. That this organization must be on the I. W. W. plan of industrial action should be made clear to all workers. The steel barons are not organized by craft union counterparts. They have organized in One Big Union. Steel workers do not work in independent, isolated trades, but are interdependently active in the processes of industrialized manufacture. There is no other kind of unionism than the industrial form that is worth a tinker's damn to them. No matter what the race or nation or color or sex (a small number of women are employed there) hardships and excessive exploitation are the common experiences. The I. W. W. form of organization takes all the workers of the industry into one big industrial union without regard to language, race, sex, or creed.

During the steel strike a certain priest, who was more of a working class rebel than he was a clergyman, said, as he fought for the strikers: "The A. F. of L. doesn't belong here. The I. W. W. should come in." An industrial organization campaign can bring the steel workers together. In the last strike

they fought bravely, suffering untold hardships, but when the hordes of pinks, stools and thugs, the military and state cossacks, and General Wood's regular assassins failed to beat them back to the mills, craft union officialdom's treacherous power rallied to the masters' need and the strike was smashed.

Fighting Homeguards

No finer spectacle of working class solidarity was ever flung across the vivid stage of class warfare than that of the steel slave hosts risen from despair's smouldering ashes, flaming in rebellion, and holding their ranks intact from Chicago to Birmingham, Bethlehem to Pueblo. They fought against industrial autocracy. For their action they were beaten by hundreds, jailed in masses, held in high bail or without bail, and heavily fined. Twenty of them died at the hands of the steel corporation's hirelings. But they held out. State cossacks spurred their black mounts over the "Hunky" doorsills; working class wives and mothers were outraged. Still they stood up for their convictions.

Coming from backward agricultural districts of Europe, most of these workers were not prepared to bear the exactions of modern industry. But they believed the American myth, and this faith did not die until they had been crushed to lowest depths, spat upon by their "betters," completely enslaved. Then they rose up. The spirit of these homeguards is an inspiration to proletarian solidarity.

The long history of the steel workers is one of courageous struggle against vicious oppression. Away back in 1892 Carnegie cut wages to the bone, and the workers struck. Then he took a vacation to the Scottish lochs, leaving Frick to do the killing. An army of Pinkertons embarked at midnight on the Monongahela river, and steamed to Homestead. When they landed the strikers were waiting in battle formation to receive them. There in the early morning light, under the shadow of the hills dotted with their shacks, these steel rebels fought repression's hirelings to a standstill, forcing them to surrender after a bloody struggle.

Time and time again has the homeguard shown that he will fight. With wife and children faced by starvation he must fight. They fought at Cabin Creek, Coeur d'Alene, on the Mesaba Range; at Lawrence and Ludlow and Herrin. Five thousand of them mobilized against industrial serfdom in West Virginia and were met with airplane and machine gun fire.

Time to Organize

A propitious moment for industrial union organization exists. Forward orders of the United States Steel Corporation published on March 11 showed for the month ending February 28 an increase over the previous month of 247,448 tons. The same report showed an unfilled tonnage of 5,284,771 tons. One year ago the orders were 371,870 tons less. Every workingman knows that the best time to attempt improvement of conditions, the period

when there is the best chance for success, is when employing classes have orders ahead. There is a boom in the steel industry.

Whether we work in the steel industry or not it is our duty to upbuild our industrial unions, thereby preparing such powerful support as is requisite to any organizational campaign launched by the Industrial Workers of the World. Our opportunity to organize is great. Shall we seize it?

This was what I was wondering—just as we all wonder so often—when the western express thundered into Gary, and the leaping flames of the mills were left behind.

We Never Forget

THE PRISON COMFORT CLUB of Seattle is being handled through the Joint Branches of Seattle, and in order to take care of the relief for the families of the Centralia defendants who are confined it is necessary to raise \$180 each month. The major portion of this amount is remitted to those who have families, or dependents who have no means of support from any other source. The remainder is remitted to those who are confined, for relief, to purchase such articles as they need for their comfort while on the inside.

At the present time there is being held one entertainment a month for the Prison Comfort Club by the Seattle Joint Branches, and as far as we know, all other Prison Comfort Clubs have disbanded, which means a heavy burden upon the Seattle Joint Branches.

This is a worthy work, and deserving of your support. Can you help the Seattle Joint Branches to raise the required sum? The assurance that their families are being cared for lightens the time of our imprisoned fellow workers, and it is no more than right that we do all we possibly can to help. Why leave it to a few?

Send all remittances to Chas. Humphreys, Box 365, Seattle, Wash.



had none. Transfusion was necessary. By the slight favor of disbanding, and letting the migratory and unskilled workers go to hell, we were to pry our way into the fakiration, infiltrating it with revolutionary spirit. England was held up as a classic example of organizational success without dual unionism. Great advantage to the labor movement was alleged as a result. These benefits became clearer when the yellow leaders of the tinted unions showed their hand in the Triple Alliance; and another of these boons bulked big when Ramsay MacDonald wore the princely toga as a laborite premier to do the dirty work of the yellow social (capitalist) democracy.

But this boring business has been meeting with many reverses. Comrade Dunne bored himself straight through the Portland American Federation convention—perhaps to prove the prophecy of Comrade Foster who wrote a book called, "The Revolutionary Crises in England, France, Germany and Italy". In this he said that borers are doomed to expulsion, individually or in groups, in single locals or whole district blocs. To more forcefully illustrate his argument (Resolved that we bore) he pointed to the expulsion of the powerful red minority in France from the conservative C. G. T. This minority was not much weaker, numerically, than the "orthodox" element. But out went the reds.

The Seattle Central Labor Council recently voted to throw out its communist delegates. Detroit's corresponding body expelled Comrade Reynolds, and the spirit is carried further in District No. 12, U. M. W. of A., where Duncan MacDonald was driven out on pain of lifting the charter of his local—No. 448—at Springfield, Illinois. At this time the Farrington machine is trying to bulldoze the miners there from keeping their unemployed council together. These councils are reproachfully called dual unions. But they exist merely to approximate equity of employment by miners sharing the division of time with their fellow workers.

It is folly to attempt the impossible. A great, feasible organization campaign can be carried on. The fakiration unions, appealing to skilled workers, who are in a rapidly diminishing and small minority, are not fertile fields for revolutionary activity. There is no sense in these heroics that are like trying to run against a barrage of 75 MM. guns. The I. W. W. has never been a dual union, and while there are around twenty-four million unskilled, unorganized wage slaves in this country we can not see the wisdom of entering the trade unions with no other end inevitable than that of being kicked out. Let's go after the 24,000,000. The machine process is going after the few million skilled with a vengeance.

SOBRIETY.—Anti-prohibition sentiment and propaganda are rushing in a strong wave across a large section of the liberal and conservative magazine world. Prohibition is variously denounced as a failure, executive and ethical, and as a brake on "personal liberty". Several remarks in this connection can be profitably ventured.

Booze as a beverage is certainly not palatable and beer quenches thirst because there is a lot of water in it. The whiskey soak gulps his shot as I would castor oil, and he makes a wry face. Other intoxicants taste almost as bad—even worse occasionally. Booze, then, must serve other satisfactions than those of taste. Drinkers are looking for the "kick"; the maggots acrawl in their brains, as London put it. That bunk about a legal renaissance of light wines and beers is a shallow mask. If drinkers don't want the tingling, aphrodisiac or soporific effects of booze, and the poison is admittedly unpalatable, why not turn to ice cream sodas or root beer?

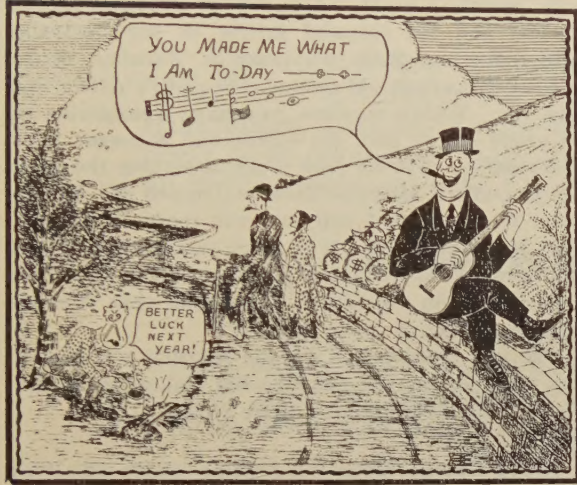
The late capitalist-world-lamented Samuel Gompers syndicated articles favoring the return of booze as a preventive of radicalism, citing Soviet Russia as an example of what happened to the tsar when vodka was outlawed. He said workers needed a solace for life's miseries. Booze, in his opinion, induced the healing anaesthesia.

Wobblies in great strikes have thought differently. They have repeatedly shown that action by industrially united, sober workers removes industrial and social wretchedness. This requires clear minds and bodies not rotted with alcohol.

In the Pacific Northwest strikes it became a tactic of battle for the Wobblies to close the moonshine joints. They have been castigated by certain asses; called stoolpigeons because of this activity. The tactic employed in speedily closing all booze dumps was the work of men belonging to a class that is more fully robbed and degraded by the existence of rum parlors. No violence accompanied the action. It was effective throughout the strike zone and it is an everlasting credit to the I. W. W.

Where were these gentry who bray personal liberty when a reluctant people were drafted en masse for organized murder and destruction in 1917? Why did they raise no voice against the brutal abrogation of liberties in vital matters? We did not participate in the religio-emotional movement that created prohibition in America. Our stand against booze pre-dated theirs. Revolutionary industrial unionists reaffirm and maintain the anti-booze stand of militant labor, and when the traffic gets in our way we shall not wait to pray it out of existence or to vote it out. It has no place in class warfare, and so far as we are concerned we simply put it out.

WOBBLES



TO THE POORHOUSE

EXACT

The Lady ventured: "Did you notice that pile of wood in the yard?"

The Tramp said: "Yes'm, I seen it."

"You should mind your grammar. You mean you 'saw' it."

"No'm. You saw me see it, but you ain't see me saw it."

REFUTATION

"That speaker seemed to be disposed to speak kindly of you. He said you had been faithful to every trust."

"I scorn his insidious innuendoes!" shouted Senator Sorghum. "I haven't worked for a trust for years!"

THEOLOGICAL MATHEMATICS

"What would happen if you were to break one of the ten commandments?" asked the vicar.

Willie: "Well, then there would be nine."

PATRIOTISM

"Say, Pop, what is patriotism?"

"Patriotism, my son, is the chip you place on your shoulder and dare the other fellow to knock off."

"BLESSED ARE THE MEEK"

Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth. . . . But Wall Street adds: "After we get through with it."

PRECOCIOUS

Minister: "Do you know it is wrong to swear, little boy?"

Little Boy: "Hell, yes! Don't you?"

TOMMY WAS RIGHT

Teacher: "Children, can any of you tell me what is the most dangerous part of an automobile?"

Tommy: "Yes, miss, I can! It's the driver."

HELP!

(From the Arbitrator)

President Coolidge is entitled to be called spiritual. More so than Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln; and yet they were just as great as Coolidge.

SCISSORBILICUS AMERICANUS

"Workin'?"

"No; wish I was."

"I'm at the mills. Hiring men every day. Better rustle them."

"Oh, I've been there."

"No luck?"

"Well, they gave me a job, but I don't like the hours."

"Yes, I know eight hours are pretty long, but we have to work them until we can get..."

"It isn't that," interrupted the unemployed stiff.

"Why, the first thing you know the eight hours are up, and that makes the evenings too long."

FABLE

Once upon a time a Wobbly wrote on all sorts of subjects but sent nothing to our press because he said none of his stuff was as good as anything we print.

SOME WELL-KNOWN MISTAKES

When a doctor makes a mistake he buries it.

When a carpenter makes a mistake it's what he expected.

When a lawyer makes a mistake it was just what he wanted, because he has a chance to try the case all over again.

When a preacher makes a mistake that's theology.

When a judge makes a mistake it becomes the law of the land.

But when an editor makes a mistake—Good Night!



SEVERAL unsigned brickbats were hurled at me during the last month or so. One of the anonymous, intrepid persons called me a vile name. Can you imagine that! It isn't nice. However, every now and then I revert to the training of early youth, and I'll return good for evil merely replying here by calling HIM a son-of-a-GUN. Other readers are of a different opinion regarding The Industrial Pioneer.

Tom Barker writes from New York: "The Pioneer is good of late and ought to go heavy. It certainly ought to pay its way and more on the contents, dress-up, etc. Here's luck to it and you for Industrial Freedom."

B. A. Green, Portland lawyer, has this to say: "Enclosed herewith find check for \$1.00 for subscription to The Industrial Pioneer. This magazine is one of the best being published and I certainly do not want to miss any issues of it."

Ed Delaney sent the following from San Francisco: "I think the Pioneer is fine since you have had it. You have done a splendid job of editing it thus far. Assuring you of any assistance I can offer, and with best wishes, Yours for a Greater I.W.W."

Hubert Langerock wrote from the same city: "I have given the subject of editing The Industrial Pioneer an unusual amount of thought. In my opinion you have done extremely well."

From San Francisco **Edw. E. Andersen** delivered this boost: "I have the February issue of The Industrial Pioneer before me, and I sure think it is fine. Keep up the good work!"

Dr. Whitaker writes from California, "You are doing fine work."

E. W. McIntosh, of Hoquiam, Wash., says: "The Pioneer for March came yesterday and we must say it is excellent. As a labor magazine it stands paramount. We do not think it could possibly be improved upon."

"All articles are of a high order from an educational and literary standpoint. No, the Pioneer could not be improved upon, but the circulation ought to be larger."

One of the Centralia I. W. W., held with seven others in Walla Walla by an atrocious sentence,

wrote a long letter a part of which runs: "I have read every issue of the Pioneer since it has been published, and I want to say that the February issue, to my way of thinking, was by far the best. It was sure a hummer! Those poems by Vera Moller were certainly great. Also, 'What Freedom Means to Us,' and the splendid article on the Centralia case. Mission Soup was sure a burning satire against this rotten old system. Boomer's article was fine, too. Fellow workers, you have a magazine to be proud of, so give the editor and manager your cooperation. 510 of New York is setting the pace for you all to follow. They've jumped the bundle order from 200 to 1,700, and will increase it again next month to 3,000. It is up to every fellow worker to grab a sub book and get busy. It is up to the branches to do the same. Remember that 'Knowledge is power.'

"To you unorganized, let me say that you should lose no time, but join the One Big Union Grand, for which I am always yours, **Britt Smith.**"

Henry George Weiss is a regular reader who lives out in the hills and it's a long hike to town to get the papers. So his letter comments on the January issue. These are a few of his remarks: "I have just read the January Industrial Pioneer from cover to cover. * * * I am going to town today to get the February number and I shall read it with great eagerness. I have been requested to bring three copies back with me for others, and all on the strength of the January number. I expect Pioneer to grow under your hands. * * * Excuse the length of this but your editing makes me feel enthusiastic. Always yours in the fight for freedom."

A fine spirit is rapidly developing to put our press on a basis of greater circulation, and this means greater educational value, which, in turn, means a greater organization. In New York City our fellow workers of M. T. W. I. U. No. 510 are doing very effective work in putting this magazine on the news stands, and reports from there show that fully half of the copies thus placed have been sold. In Chicago the radical papers on stands are paid for to the extent of about ten per cent. But what New York members are doing can be duplicated here and in other large cities if an earnest and intelligently planned campaign is launched. This must be done and it is going to be done—in Chicago and elsewhere. The start has been made and it is a good one. Let's all bend our energies to keep it up and make the press circulation what it should be.



Get Another Sub!!

Second Big Subscription Drive Now On!

The Joint Press Committee has started the second big circulation drive to build up the Press. The English, Finnish, Spanish, Hungarian, Czecho-Slovak and Russian units of the I. W. W. press have combined their energies to increase the circulation of all publications published by the I. W. W.

CASH PRIZES OFFERED FOR SUBS

The present contest includes subs for all publications represented on the Joint Press Committee and any sub turned in for any of these publications counts. The Cash Prizes are liberal and anybody can win the biggest prize.

CASH PRIZES FOR SUB AGENTS:

75 Yearly Subs.....	\$55.00 plus 10 per cent commission
50 " " 	\$35.00 " " " " "
25 " " 	\$18.00 " " " " "
15 " " 	\$10.00 " " " " "
10 " " 	\$ 8.00 " " " " "

RULES GOVERNING CONTEST

Contest opens March 15, 1925, and ends April 20, 1925. To the Sub Agent who turns in the highest number of subscriptions over 75 an additional prize of \$15 will be paid.

Only subscriptions accompanied by payment will be credited to Sub Agents. Sub Agents will not be credited with subs from books that are carried by other agents.

New subs must be turned in promptly to insure credit to Sub Agent.

Subs put in the mails on or before April 20, 1925, that do not reach this office before the closing date will be credited to Sub Agent. All subs will be counted four days after contest closes and winners notified by first mail and in publications.

One-year subs count one; six-months subs count one-half; three-months subs count one-quarter.

SEND IN FOR YOUR SUB BOOKS AND GET BUSY

A Voice from a Living Tomb

Does it Mean Anything to You?

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN the heroic struggle that has been waged in "Darkest California" against the forces of reaction the past six years?

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN your eighty-eight fellow workers who are imprisoned in California because of their activity in YOUR organization?

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN that these men must be supplied with relief?

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN that it takes three dollars in cash each month for each one inside; besides, hundreds of dollars to supply their other little necessities from the outside?

We
Never
Forget!

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN that this relief money must come from the workers' pockets, as no one else will supply it?

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN that the Criminal Syndicalism law under which these men are imprisoned is still on the statute books of California?

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN that some of these men will be freed shortly and that unless you help now, they will be forced to enter the outside world in the dead of winter with only the five dollars which the state supplies?

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN that the men who are to be released this year will come out only to again face the same law which they have suffered under?

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN that publicity must go out to the entire civilized world and especially to California's voters until such time as the masters have ceased persecuting organized labor?

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN that it is up to you, who are on the outside, to see that funds are supplied with which to keep this publicity going out?

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN that these men are depending on YOU to carry on the struggle which they have been temporarily forced to forsake?

IF YOU HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN SEND IN A DONATION
TO THE CALIFORNIA BRANCH

GENERAL DEFENSE COMMITTEE
BOX 574, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

"Suppose No One Cared"